

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

AUGUST 19, 1967

a Time Inc. weekly publication

35 CENTS

\$7.00 A YEAR

HAMBLETONIAN
PREVIEW

THE FAVORITES

JOHNNY SIMPSON
WITH
HICKORY SMOKE



They've taken more punishment than you'll ever give 'em

GOODYEAR'S NEW 3-T NYLON CORD TIRES!



STRONGER ON THE INSIDE!

More than 22,000 pounds of pressure bear down on this Goodyear 3-T Nylon tire. The steel wheel buckles—yet not

one 3-T Nylon Cord is broken. The miracle strength of Goodyear's 3-T Nylon Cord means longer, safer tire life—greater protection against blowouts.



SAFER ON THE OUTSIDE!

These two cars hit this oil-slicked road at 50 mph—braked simultaneously. The car on the right, with ordinary

tires, slipped and skidded dangerously. The other car, on Goodyear nylon tires with the new Twin-Grip tread, came to a safe stop 38 feet quicker!

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

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There's a big difference in nylon cord. 3-T Nylon Cord is different because it's triple-tempered by an exclusive Goodyear process. Better because triple-tempering makes it triple-tough!

Your tires have to take punishment—a lot of it! That's why they should be made with the best cord—nylon, pound for pound stronger than steel!

But, unless pre-conditioned, nylon stretches under tension. To control the stretch of nylon, Goodyear developed an exclusive process involving precisely controlled Tension, Temperature and Time.

The result: a nylon cord that is fully controlled at its point of maximum strength and resiliency.

Triple-tempered, triple-tough 3-T Nylon Cord withstands flexing better than any other tire fabric—"high-flex" strength makes it more durable and blowout resistant.

This exclusive 3-T Nylon Cord tire, with its two fully independent treads, is your safest insurance against all kinds of road hazards.

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NEW 3-T NYLON CUSTOM SUPER-CUSHION

GOODYEAR

Super-Cushion, T.S.E., The Goodrich Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Acknowledgments on page 8

COVER: JOHNNY SIMPSON and HICKORY SMOKE
Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

At 36, slender, South Carolina-born Johnny Simpson has brought to the room the finest new pair seen in many a season. Terpid. On Huckleberries Day, August 27, he will try to prove that in Hickory Smoaks he also has the best 3-year-old trooper. For an analysis of the race, turn to page 39.

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THE CHAMP MEETS A VEEP

MARTIN KANE previews the heavyweight fight in Seattle, where Floyd Patterson defends his title against a businessman from Georgia

SPECTACLE: SAILING THE BIG SCOWS

They're brutal, fast and so place for children. In text and color

PREVIEW: THE HAMBLETONIAN

Trotting's top prize is offered in a new, Mardi Gras setting. By JEREMIAH TAX

ALL ABOUT WATER SKIING

Eight pages of instruction by National Champion BRUCE PARKER, plus MRS. YUL BRYNHER's own story of The King and I on Skis

TROUBLE IN DETROIT

The disappointing slugging by the Tigers is analyzed by ROBERT CREAGER

A SUMMER'S DREAM: AWAY FROM IT ALL

An Idaho retreat is warmly depicted in color by JERRY GARDNER

DOMINION DELUGE

A big red Maserati peared it on at Virginia Beach's inaugural

PART I: THE LITTLE LEAGUE

KENNETH ROBERTS begins his nationwide appraisal of a hoisting issue

BONNIE PRUDDEN'S FUN & FITNESS COURSE

In the third of her series, she presents THE KNEE-TO-NOSE KICK

THE DEPARTMENTS

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NEXT WEEK**ENIGMATIC BOSS
OF THE REDBIRDS**

A portrait of Fred Hutchinson of St. Louis by his former battery mate, Emmett Watson

**PLUS: A TOUR OF THE
ADRIATIC WITH HORACE
SUTTON; AND PART TWO
OF THE LITTLE LEAGUE**you'll
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them

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famous patented comfort
features, adept cobbling . . .
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MEMO

from the publisher

DURING the last decade almost any sport you can name—skiing, skin-diving or skeet shooting—has grown like Jack's beanstalk. But one has grown far faster than all the rest.

That explains in part why in this week's issue, and in the next, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* takes up the embattled subject of Little League baseball, a unique phenomenon in the story of organized sport. In 1947 fewer than a thousand bantam-sized pioneers were blazing new baseball trails around Williamsport, Pa. Since then, the ranks of Little League have increased to the point where this year nearly a million youngsters between 8 and 12 have made the visored baseball cap



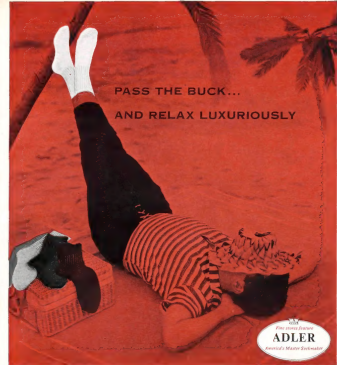
and rubber-cleated shoes almost as much a symbol of contemporary American boyhood as straw hats and bare feet used to be.

According to its proponents, Little League not only exposes the youngest of the younger generation to the rules and strategy of the national game through actual playing, but also adds the sense of pride that comes from wearing a baseball uniform and using good equipment; and, most of all, it gives them something to do. Its opponents, on the other hand, and quite simply, don't agree that these things, if they have happened, have happened for the best. The result is that Little League at times has been hardly recognizable for the hornet's nest of controversy surrounding it.

More than 20 writers and correspondents across the country contributed their research and experience to this story. One of them, Novelist James T. Farrell, recalls in Part I his Chicago childhood and days when baseball for preadolescents was a matter of vacant lots or cow pastures, of taped nickel rockets and bricks for bases. "In brief," he writes, "I dreamed of a Little League in my own boyhood. There was none. But I would have welcomed one just as eagerly as boys do now. And my dream was not peculiar. It is common to boys who love to play baseball."

Far from a dream, Little League has become a booming reality. Writer Kenneth Rudeen, sifting the evidence from the wealth of testimony by Farrell and all the others, now presents *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* evaluation of Little League today. The conclusions, I am sure, will be of interest to everyone, whatever his present convictions on this much-disputed question. For they bear not only upon Little League but upon the even larger question of the proper role of sport in the development of our children.

Harry R. Phillips



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SCOREBOARD

these faces in the crowd . . .



Jack Calkbrenn, former Morgan State College star from Morrisstown, Pa., now member of prestigious U.S. Team squad, returned over 400-yard hurdles in breathless 50.1 at Cade's Model Stadium to stop 8/100 of second off fastest world record (4:59.8).



Walter Bonatti, the famed Italian mountaineer who survived ill-fated attempt to scale Mount Everest's treacherous Grand Traverse last December, tried again last week, rising for two days, rising for two nights, finally made it to top last week (ENR).



Minor Chell, apple checked 11-year-old Alabama schoolboy, got on target for perfect 100, became youngest in shoot-shooting history to win national Champions of Champions title at Reno, also topped juniors, winning All-Around, two other events.

RESEARCH DESIGN

Then Courtney, another of scoring U.S. marks years (and charts), staged brilliant report of his Olympic 600-meter victory, outdistancing Britain's Derek Johnson and Norway's Gudne Hopen in 1:44.8 at Oslo, just 1/2 of second off World record but fast enough to win American mark (1:46.9).

Track Chat. Fast-stopping 5-year-old bay owned by Tinkard and Marvin Reinhold of Maywood, Ill., pulled Driver Jim Wendt to victory in \$7,000 Adams Winkler Five-for-all at sparkling new Hawthorn Raceway, Winnetka, Ill. 7th, starting off under a 1:28.6, clearing over the apex holding on half-a-mile (chat, 8).

HARNESS RACING

Edna Hazy, J. Howard Lyons' seven-month-old, who has been having the trouble lately, picked up \$1,200 for the third-place finish in second heat of \$25,000 Grandview Pacing Derby at Cleveland, beating lifetime earnings to \$225,000 and posting Good Time as off-the-money winning race.

Figure 1 consists of four bar charts, one for each category: Total, Male, Female, and Unknown. Each chart shows the percentage of respondents for six age groups: 18-24, 25-34, 35-44, 45-54, 55-64, and 65+. The y-axis represents the percentage from 0 to 100. The x-axis lists the age groups. The bars are color-coded: 18-24 (light blue), 25-34 (medium blue), 35-44 (dark blue), 45-54 (teal), 55-64 (light green), and 65+ (dark green).

Category	18-24	25-34	35-44	45-54	55-64	65+
Total	15%	25%	20%	20%	15%	5%
Male	15%	25%	20%	20%	15%	5%
Female	15%	25%	20%	20%	15%	5%
Unknown	15%	25%	20%	20%	15%	5%

Robert Bennett III, publicly requested \$25 to 100,000 for a 4-year-old boy who was run over by a truck. Bennett said the boy, who was named in the lawsuit, had been in a coma for several weeks. Bennett said the boy was in a coma for several weeks.

THESE RESULTS ARE IN ACCORD WITH THE FINDINGS OF OTHER RESEARCHERS, WHO HAVE REPORTED THAT THE USE OF A SINGLE-STEP PROCESS IS MORE EFFECTIVE THAN A TWO-STEP PROCESS IN IMPROVING STUDENT PERFORMANCE IN MATHEMATICS (e.g., [10, 11]).

Four-minute mile, once impossible to all men, is not now almost as commonplace in cities for men—fast, both amateur and professional, European track. England's Derek Ibbotson, who set world record of 3:52.2 July 19, learned several miles at Macclesfield, Finland in 1956, carrying Olavi Vuorimäki to 3:58.1, while Sweden's Erik Wadner held his record (4:00.0) on outdoor effort. Ibbotson set 3:58.2 at Malmö.

[illegible]

focus on the deed . . .



up and over at 14 feet 9 inches with tooth clenching. Don Bragg, who earlier gave Kaibara their first alliance of 15-foot snail



down but not out, Jim Lake puts a crowning touch to his brown-bagging in Pike's Peak or Bust Bodega at Colorado Springs.



UP AND DOWN Body-building routines with weights is latest training routine for Don Bowden, America's four-minute mile

SCOREBOARD

continued



Marjorie Larney, 20, sparky-eyed Queens College (N.Y.) road, throw her 164 pounds around effectively at national AAU meet in Cleveland, hearing javelin 197 feet 8 inches to break three-year-old world record held by Russia's Natalya Konyayeva.

FOR THE RECORD

ARCHERY
U.S. FIVE: Los Angeles, Calif. Anthony Jack, men's 100, with 2,322 pts.; Sacramento, Calif. Women's champion: Carol Buckner, Pittsburgh.

ARTS RACING
U.S. FIVE: France, Sweden 4-hour Grand Prix, in Montreal, Montevideo, Sweden.

BASKETBALL
SOUTH FLORIDA: Pittsburgh, over Baylor, Pa., 4-3, and over Houston, Texas, 4-2, in the first round of the NCAA tournament. E.C. over Riverside, Calif., 5-1, and, over world series title, Springfield, Ill.

SCATING
WINTER: champion by C. Kenneth Hunt, Boston, 215-m. Axel Cup race, with 3:40.21 elapsed time. 5-1, 1970-71 season.

PIED MOUNTAIN: champion by C. Kenneth Hunt, Boston, 215-m. Axel Cup race, with 3:40.21 elapsed time. 5-1, 1970-71 season.

BOSS
JOHN R. DUNNIBAND and SIDNEY SLODOR, Philadelphia, 1970-71 season, Washington, D.C. **CLUB:** champion by C. Kenneth Hunt, Boston, 215-m. Axel Cup race, with 3:40.21 elapsed time. 5-1, 1970-71 season.

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BEARING DOWN hard on throttle, Driver 1981 Murray guides Mike Taro/1970 to victory in the second heat of the Gold Cup at Seattle.

baseball

X-RAY



ROOKIE HONORS in the National League belong, so far, to the Phillies' Ed Bouchard (left) and Jack Sanford (right). Bouchard, a power-hitting first baseman, has dominated rookie hitting statistics all season, while Sanford, a 28-year-old fast ball pitcher, could be the first rookie 25-game winner in the league since the Giants' Larry Jansen in 1947.

TEAM PERFORMANCES

This week (8/14 to 8/19)

Team	Games	Wins	Losses	Runs
AMERICAN LEAGUE				
Chicago	4-2	447	42-42	4
Baltimore	4-2	447	42-42	4
Washington	4-2	447	42-42	4
New York	4-2	447	42-42	4
Kansas City	3-3	388	38-38	3
Cleveland	2-5	379	35-35	2
Boston	2-4	373	34-34	2
Detroit	2-4	373	34-34	2
NATIONAL LEAGUE				
Milwaukee	6-0	1,002	42-42	21
New York	5-1	714	41-41	21
Chicago	5-1	625	40-40	20
Cincinnati	4-4	589	44-44	21
Philadelphia	5-4	479	47-47	21
Pittsburgh	2-5	468	45-45	21
Pittsburgh	2-5	447	43-43	2
St. Louis	2-5	442	42-42	4

TEAM LEADERS

Team	Games	Wins	Losses	Runs
AMERICAN LEAGUE				
Chicago	4-2	447	42-42	4
Baltimore	4-2	447	42-42	4
Washington	4-2	447	42-42	4
New York	4-2	447	42-42	4
Kansas City	3-3	388	38-38	3
Cleveland	2-5	379	35-35	2
Boston	2-4	373	34-34	2
Detroit	2-4	373	34-34	2
NATIONAL LEAGUE				
Milwaukee	6-0	1,002	42-42	21
New York	5-1	714	41-41	21
Chicago	5-1	625	40-40	20
Cincinnati	4-4	589	44-44	21
Philadelphia	5-4	479	47-47	21
Pittsburgh	2-5	468	45-45	21
Pittsburgh	2-5	447	43-43	2
St. Louis	2-5	442	42-42	4

HEROES AND GOATS

THE SEASON (to August 10)

Team	Games	Wins	Losses	Runs
AMERICAN LEAGUE				
Chicago	4-2	447	42-42	4
Baltimore	4-2	447	42-42	4
Washington	4-2	447	42-42	4
New York	4-2	447	42-42	4
Kansas City	3-3	388	38-38	3
Cleveland	2-5	379	35-35	2
Boston	2-4	373	34-34	2
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NATIONAL LEAGUE				
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Chicago	5-1	625	40-40	20
Cincinnati	4-4	589	44-44	21
Philadelphia	5-4	479	47-47	21
Pittsburgh	2-5	468	45-45	21
Pittsburgh	2-5	447	43-43	2
St. Louis	2-5	442	42-42	4

RUNS PRODUCED

Team	Games	Wins	Losses	Runs
AMERICAN LEAGUE				
Chicago	4-2	447	42-42	4
Baltimore	4-2	447	42-42	4
Washington	4-2	447	42-42	4
New York	4-2	447	42-42	4
Kansas City	3-3	388	38-38	3
Cleveland	2-5	379	35-35	2
Boston	2-4	373	34-34	2
Detroit	2-4	373	34-34	2
NATIONAL LEAGUE				
Milwaukee	6-0	1,002	42-42	21
New York	5-1	714	41-41	21
Chicago	5-1	625	40-40	20
Cincinnati	4-4	589	44-44	21
Philadelphia	5-4	479	47-47	21
Pittsburgh	2-5	468	45-45	21
Pittsburgh	2-5	447	43-43	2
St. Louis	2-5	442	42-42	4

THE ROOKIES

Team	Games	Wins	Losses	Runs
AMERICAN LEAGUE				
Chicago	4-2	447	42-42	4
Baltimore	4-2	447	42-42	4
Washington	4-2	447	42-42	4
New York	4-2	447	42-42	4
Kansas City	3-3	388	38-38	3
Cleveland	2-5	379	35-35	2
Boston	2-4	373	34-34	2
Detroit	2-4	373	34-34	2
NATIONAL LEAGUE				
Milwaukee	6-0	1,002	42-42	21
New York	5-1	714	41-41	21
Chicago	5-1	625	40-40	20
Cincinnati	4-4	589	44-44	21
Philadelphia	5-4	479	47-47	21
Pittsburgh	2-5	468	45-45	21
Pittsburgh	2-5	447	43-43	2
St. Louis	2-5	442	42-42	4

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beer



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BOXING



TRACK



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Whether your favorite sport is golf, skiing or swimming... or even if you get more enjoyment from watching the other fellow perform in games like baseball, tennis and football... the chances are you engage in these pastimes mainly for the purpose of relaxation.

And what can be more pleasurable during these hot summer days when you take time out to relax at home, at the ball park, or with congenial companions at your favorite tavern, than a glass of real, refreshing beer?

Here in the Midwest, there are many fine beers to choose from. We are proud to be producing one of them... famous Kingsbury Pale Beer. If Kingsbury Pale is your choice, we will be doubly pleased. The important thing, however, is that beer is a wholesome beverage that can add much enjoyment, relaxation, and sociable happiness in day to day living.

Why not enjoy a glass of real, refreshing beer right now? Presist



BASKETBALL



WATER SKIING

Kingsbury
... the beer you'll remember



BOWLING



SWIMMING



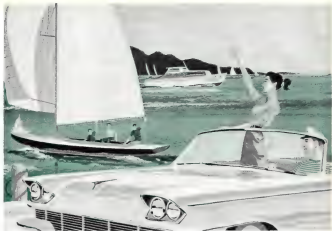
TENNIS



HORSEBACK
RIDING



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Try Cities Service **SUPER 5-D**

Pull up to the red pump at Cities Service

Super 5-D is more than a premium gasoline... it's a super premium with fabulous new extra-high octane for high compression cars. Plus four other engine-saving features for top performance!



TWO NEW GASOLENES await you at all Cities Service stations, each the finest in its class: Super 5-D for high compression cars. Milemaster, stepped up in octane, for standard compression cars. One of these two gasolines will suit your car perfectly... give more power and miles per gallon than you've ever enjoyed before.





"Wait till the 'knot-hole' gang hears about this! Ten-year-old Hank Frank gets some tips in the Milwaukee Braves' clubhouse. That's the Braves' manager Fred Haney (left), and Prin-



sent Joseph Mutash, (right). Hank's dad works for Employers Mutual of Wausau, who handle the public liability and workmen's compensation insurance for the Braves.

Wausau Story

IN MILWAUKEE
home of the Braves

by EARL GILLESPIE

"Voice of the Braves" and sports director
WEMP, Milwaukee



"Big County Stadium in Milwaukee (over 45,000 seats) is the home of the Braves and land of the most enthusiastic baseball fans in the world. Employers Mutuals of Wausau, who handle the public liability insurance, help make it one of the safest ball parks in America.

They assist it constantly for safety hazards. They've helped set up the health clinics and first aid facilities. As Joe Cairnes, Braves' president told me, "we should give those Employers Mutuals people Braves' uniforms. They're certainly a valuable part of our team."

"What's a sports announcer doing covering a business story? Not as far fetched as that. When you think about it, success in business or sports is made up of the same stuff—top ability, training for the job, teamwork and fair play.

"Employers Mutuals, the famous insurance company of Wausau, works closely with our Milwaukee baseball club. From all sports, this 'Wausau way' of doing business scores like a home run with the Braves' management."

Because of the great diversity of industry in Milwaukee, it takes an insurance carrier with specialized knowledge to be "big league" there. Since 1915, the workmen's compensation services of Employers Mutuals of Wausau have helped Milwaukee firms set their feet firmly and profitably. We put this same knowledge to work across the country—and everywhere we are known as "good people to do business with." See our representative listed in telephone directory or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau



"Good people to do business with"

fisherman's
CALENDAR

NO (noisy) speed	E (easy)
NO (noisy) slow	E (easy) 50%
T (true) speed	FI (fishing) good
D (darker) slow, good	FI (fishing) very good
N (neutral) light	FP (fishing) fair
N (neutral) dark	FP (fishing) poor
NO (noisy) light	CH (catching) good
H (high)	CH (catching) very good
VI (very) light	CIP (catching) fast
M (more) muddy	CIP (catching) good
L (low)	

BLACK BIRD: *Corvus*. The birds of 1- to 4 ft. plumage, throughout were present. Product uniformly across in early. Adults on Chert Pond report carrying bags here too. GFG.

MINNESOTA: Quark smallmouths biting hard everywhere, Sam Welch, Wal Shoals, Ark., pulled six bigmouths totaling 14 pounds using lip-suction lure. 120s.

APR. 1998/June: State Fish and Game Pond Management Program producing excellent knowledge at New Lake, Benguet, Pangasinan, Davao, Forest and Fishery pond, Lake Wawa, arch at Wollheim research catches today, 1998.

Observations: Central state reports stream I, temperatures H, catches few and far between. Outlook brighter in Allegheny area, with fishing good in Warren and Forest counties, French Creek below Confluence Bridge.

HAZEL: Hazel Caliente, Blue and white-marbled Siskin molted on the Oregon coast. Hazel and Doree came with large waves and soft, foamy, rolling surf. Hazel's 100th birthday was celebrated on the Oregon coast. Hazel's 100th birthday was celebrated on the Oregon coast. Hazel's 100th birthday was celebrated on the Oregon coast.

NEW YORK: Knowledge run of white marlin reported off Montauk today (4/1) for coming home, 20 second, 12-year-old William Allen 75-lb into 10150 pounds on nine thread line. Located just 1 1/2 minutes 74 minutes on 20 seconds scheduled for Montauk Yacht Club Open Tournament. Age (12), water temperature conditions prevailing plenty of action.

TEGAS: South coast reporting best fishing week of year, with fourth blue marlin off Port Aransas within 100 yds. Mrs. Dan Brannon, Fort Stock, who pioneered marlin fishing in this area, says today. Colonel James P. Mahoney of Corpus Christi brought in small 6 foot 6 inch white marlin off Port Isabel.

SPARKFISH: 1994's Biggest news in Pond Trams. This week, was probably the discovery of the first known sparkfish ever taken on rod and reel. The fish was small, slim and very, very beautiful. The fish, a small, blue and white striped fish, was taken by a Pond Trams member, Joe Kannon, on a Pond Trams fishing trip. The fish was taken on a Pond Trams fishing trip with guide, Joe Kannon. Initial identification was made by member, member, who turned sparkfish "into a new member."

MISCELLANEOUS: *Microtus* sp. as lower temperature cool off bet. humid press. At 2100, Keweenaw, Iowa, landed a 20-lb., 41-pounder for a new Walker Bay record. On Little Bay Lake, Twin Falls, Longville, connected with a 34-pound, 5-year muskie while fishing for crappies. Landed lightest on suspended test line after a 45-minute battle.

NEW YORK: Chautauque Lake gave its second Pyromaniac as many weeks to Greg Peterson, Janss-roni, who was hooked himself into a tie for first place in total race for biggest muskie of the year. **ONE** if weather continues.

crystalline. One Cord of Toronto length 300,
gendered from Trent Canal east of Detroit with
continued



A Point To Remember!

Its quality and character never change!
That's the point to remember about
Black & White, the point that has made
it the most called for Scotch Whisky
in America.

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

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1957 NATIONAL OPEN AND WORLD CHAMPION DICK MAYER WITH MRS. MAYER AND SON, RICKY.

NUMBER 2 IN A SERIES OF ADVERTISEMENTS
FEATURING FAMOUS IMPERIAL OWNERS.



DICK MAYER'S OPINION OF THE NEW IMPERIAL

"The Imperial is a really great car for the money," Dick says. "I personally think it's the best looking car on the road. Treats nice and easy on long drives. It's got a lot of power but it doesn't take more than touch to handle." More and more handsome young people of means, flair and taste are recognizing the Imperial as the fine car they are buying it or making it their ultimate goal. See and drive the triumphant Imperial, sample the beauty, power and impeccable performance which have made it the nation's new number one prestige car. Imperial, Chrysler Corporation's finest product.

AN EXECUTIVE'S ALBUM



THE CHAMP MEETS A VEEP

by MARTIN KANE

In history's weirdest title fight Floyd Patterson takes on a young businessman from Georgia named Pete Rademacher

THE PLAN WHICH is about to throw Olympic Heavyweight Champion Pete Rademacher, live and in the full bloom of his young manhood, into a Seattle ring with Floyd Patterson on the fateful night of August 22 is about to be executed. The plan has been about for two years now—not, as most people think, for a mere month or so. It did not sprout suddenly, as a whim of millionaires who are backing Rademacher, but was watered and fertilized with the timing of a hothouse plant to bud only when conditions were right for the market—conditions that required

But Pete Rademacher is as naive as a cocked pistol. There really was a scheming mind behind the plan—Rademacher's. He dreamed it up and is about to make the dream come true, nightmare though it may turn out to be.

His mind is cold and calculating but at the same time warm and adventurous, even romantic. There is no contradiction here. Columbus did not coldly conceive and warmly execute his great adventure. The reverse is true. Neither did Lindbergh, in his exploration of the quick route to Paris. Once started on their way both were navigators, cold and precise. The fact is that ideas are generally warm in conception but their successful execution is cold. This one is proceeding frigidly to its destiny.

The only fighter extant who wears Bermuda shorts in training, Pete Rademacher has the dress and manner of a bright young businessman, clearly the executive type. His speech is direct, sometimes brusque, but he can be charming, too. He has a pretty, gracious wife and a cute 3-year-old daughter. Rademacher and his family make the very picture of a young corporation executive well and recently launched on a promising career. That, as it turns out, is exactly his situation, win or lose this fight.

Rademacher, the Olympic and national AAU (1953) heavyweight champion, will be fighting Patterson, the professional heavyweight champion, as vice-president of a corporation in which the amateur will make his business career. He is being paid a salary, not a share of the gate. If the fight draws extremely well, the president of

the company has told him, he may expect a small bonus. But the challenger's share of the proceeds, which normally would go to the fighter himself and his manager (Rademacher has no manager), will go instead to his company, a most unusual enterprise called Youth Unlimited.

It is, of course, unprecedented in heavyweight ranks for an amateur to fight for the professional title except in the dim, early history of prizefighting before boxing commissions, when

continued

For the first time since the Dempsey-Carpentier fight in 1921, a heavyweight championship bout will be neither audible nor visible on TV, radio or even theater TV. However, movies of the Patterson-Rademacher fight will be distributed through Youth Unlimited.

as strange a combination of men and events as ever led up to a prizefight.

Announcement of the plan raised mushroom clouds of indignation. The hand of Julius Helfand was raised against it, as fast as a smart salute. The National Boxing Association refused to sanction it. A member of the sporting press called Rademacher a "potential corpse," which is a modest description of all mortal men, and demanded that Congress get into the act. There were unpleasant intimations that Rademacher was a naive boy in the hands of unscrupulous moneygrubbers willing to expose him to serious injury, even death, for the sake of a fast dollar.



EXECUTIVE TURNED TIGER takes with an intensity he usually applies to business.

THE CATALYZERS



UNLIKELY TRIO which created fight for Mike Jenkins, Youth Unlimited founder and Rademacher's boss; dark Harley, Seattle



promoter who flows on money; Lucky McIlhenny, Georgia sharpshooter, whose Billigan will be promoted with fight prospects,



CHAMP MEETS VEEP

continued

distinctions between amateur and pro were not clearly marked. It was the assumption in the old days that any man who could get up an attractive purse had the right to fight the champion. That is what has happened in this case. Rademacher found wealthy patrons who were willing to put up the attractive guarantee of \$350,000.

For two years—even before he won his Olympic gold medal—Rademacher, a boxer with a powerful punch and somewhat more than the rudiments of defense, daydreamed of making his professional debut by engaging the heavyweight champion of the world—no matter who and no one but. He was unwilling to break in by taking on four-round preliminary setups, as most fighters do. He would make the peak in a leap or he would stay in the valley.

Now and then during those two years he broached his idea to someone of influence or prestige in boxing, like Eddie Egan, for instance, or Rocky Marciano, and for a moment the person broached would consider the possibility that this young fellow, so clear of eye and precise of speech, might nevertheless be just a little bit punchy from his amateur rigors. Then there would be gentle and patient explanations of the impossibility of the thing and Rademacher would turn away to seek another buttonhole.

The many rejections and preposterous assure him now. He remembers especially a meeting with Julius

Helland, the New York boxing commission chairman, who said to him, "Oh, you're the young fellow who can't make up his mind whether to turn professional." At that time Rademacher had already made up his mind. He just hadn't found out how to get it done the way he wanted it done.

But he met Joe Gannon, an inspector for the Washington (D.C.) boxing commission. Gannon had a special distinction. He had fought Floyd Patterson in Patterson's maiden appearance at Madison Square Garden and had lost

an eight-round decision. This made him one of the few who have gone the route with Patterson and has persuaded Gannon that Patterson, properly handled, is not invincible.

Gannon is a thoughtful man, not easily stirred by wild ideas, but he thought about Rademacher's preposterous notion until it seemed that his brain would burst with the magnificent romance of it all.

"I'll try it on Cus D'Amato," he said, after a few nights of fitful sleep, unable to shake himself loose from the

BIOPERSE: PETE RADEMACHER

Thomas Peter Rademacher, the somewhat different heavyweight challenger, was born 28 years ago in the tiny town of Ticon, in Washington's Yakima Valley. He was sent to Castle Heights Military Academy, Lebanon, Tenn. for prep work. There he began boxing, winning the light-heavyweight title in a tournament staged by Tennessee's military academy. In 1948 he entered Washington State College where he played defensive guard on the football team and earned a B.S. in animal husbandry. Meantime, he continued boxing, winning the Northwest Golden Gloves heavyweight title in 1949. He lost in the next year, then won it three years running. In 1953 he also won the national A&U title. That same year he married Margaret Sutter and quit boxing, since his bride did not appear. In 1954 Rademacher, an ROTC trainee, began his two-year hitch at Fort Benning, Ga. He was urged to go into training for the

Olympics. At first he demurred, due to his wife's feelings, finally began training in secret. Three months later the coach and another officer's wife talking about it at a cocktail party. "After two weeks of real combat, she said O.K.," he recalls. He arrived in San Francisco for the Olympic trials with a badly bruised right arm. Nevertheless, he won three decisions and a trip to Melbourne, then spent 12 days in a hospital getting the arm repaired. In Australia he fought two five-round opponents in the second and third rounds respectively, and was holding away at Romanian Lev Muskhine in the first round of the finale when the referee stopped it with Muskhine helpless against the ropes. He wanted to challenge Patterson then and there, but waited until after his Marek Sutter discharge appointment to vice-president of Youth Unlimited. The championship match will be but the third professional fight he has ever seen. —H.S.

motion's inebriated hold. "He'll think it's crazy but he might go for it."

D'Amato is Patterson's manager. He dresses like a Broadway businessman who wants to look smartly conservative—Hershberg, pinstriped collar, lavender shirt and dark blue suit. His white hair is cropped so close that it is hard to say whether he is a baldy or a crew-cut. (Rademacher is something of each too, but in an earlier stage.) D'Amato can look stern or puckish and he can act both ways, too, sometimes at the same instant. If ever there was a man receptive to off-beat ideas it is Gus D'Amato. He is currently keeping an eye on a protégé of his, a goat of a race horse which is being trained by a pianist who has discovered something about finger exercises that he believes can be applied to training race horses. Well, more of this later, but only after post time. It could be a killing.

D'Amato, therefore, received Gannon with the pleasure old kings reserved for noted minstrels. Here was a guest to his taste. He thought about the idea, strolled about his gray-walled apartment-office, consulted the muses in his electrically vibrated relaxation chair, and announced that it was ridiculous.

"Not," he added, with the wariness that has won him the nickname of Cautious Gus, "that I am against it."

Gannon would have been in a hopeless position had it not been that Rademacher had already become acquainted with Melchior C. Jennings. Yale '40, scion of a Pittsburgh oil family, idealist and businessman who is known throughout Columbus, Ga., as Mike Jennings. Mike Jennings believes like a zealot that America was made great by practical idealism. In his early 30s he suddenly found himself the figurehead of the family oil business and resented every minute of obsequious suggestion that he sign this paper and issue that order without understanding what he was doing.

"They used to tell me," he says, "that their judgment was better than mine because it was such a complicated business and it took years to learn it. Meanwhile, all I had to do was to sign those papers."

A man could not live a life like that and Jennings had no desire to rot. In time he chucked it all and established himself as proprietor of a small sporting goods store, which he called Field and Fireside, in Columbus, his wife's family home. Columbus is a town where a man like Jennings can mess around with bird dogs and enjoy himself while making a bit of money and thinking long, slow thoughts. His

store is a southern-fried Abercrombie and Fitch (bass plugs, Ivy-style clothing, shagbuns), a place in which to browse as well as buy. People come in and talk if they just happen to be passing that way. They buy what they think they need. Nobody shelves merchandise at them. The store is doing very well.

While Lieutenant Pete Rademacher, now out of the Army, was stationed at nearby Fort Benning, he met Jennings, like everyone else in that section, and in due course mentioned his dream. Jennings topped him by mentioning his dream.

The atom bomb was not built of simple materials or by ordinary men. To make it there had to be brought together, under the right conditions of time, temperature and pressure, extraordinary materials and men. It also required somebody who was willing to get up around \$2 billion.

The making of this preposterous fight required a similar combination—physical, spiritual and financial. A Rademacher, a Gannon and a D'Amato were, to be sure, a combination to be reckoned with in any enterprise of this nature, but they were made unstopable by the addition of Mike Jennings.

It has been Jennings' conviction ever since he was commander of an armed guard in the Pacific during World War II that youth needs the inspiration of incentive and that it is not easily come by in these times. He believes that the Boy Scouts and the boys' clubs do splendid work but that their work is not enough. He believes a commercial enterprise can fire the imagination of youth by presenting the notion that the impossible is not to be feared but sought out. In doing so, he thinks, the enterprise can make a decent profit. That is the idea behind Youth Unlimited, the corporation of which Pete Rademacher is vice-president and Mike Jennings is president. It is Jennings' idea, something he has thought about for years.

A man like that had no difficulty persuading D'Amato, with an assist from Rademacher, to reconsider. Gus conceded finally that the idea was not so much "ridiculous" as "fantastic." He consented to the match, provided Jennings could raise \$250,000 as a guarantee for Patterson. Jennings had no difficulty finding a score of wealthy friends to put up the money in sums ranging from \$5,000 to \$25,000 apiece.

The ultimate catalyst in this strange combination of men and events was Jack Hurley, the Seattle boxing promoter, a fellow who performed the

miracle of building Harry Matthews into an acceptable opponent for Rocky Marciano. He was selected to promote the fight in Seattle where, since he is a native son of Washington, Rademacher is a bit of a hero.

Rademacher is coming into this fight, then, not as an ordinary prizefighter but as an executive of a company which has an inspirational idea to be sold and eventually will sell some products built around that idea. In getting this fight, Rademacher's company has done the impossible, and Rademacher himself has done the impossible. So youth, to which Rademacher will now be presented as an inspirational hero, will have something to think about as it buys Youth Unlimited merchandise. Few vice-presidents have gotten off to a better start.

One of the impossible products
(continued on page 45)

THE CHAMPION awaits his challenger with confidence bordering on the casual.



SPECTACLE

Photographed by Ed Stein



BILL GRUNOW HOLDS ILYA CLASS A TITRE

Mastering the speed and subtle

*antics of the biggest of the inland scows
is a job for a sailor who can keep
a clear head and a steady helm at 35 mph*

No Place For Children

The frantic start of the Class A scow race shown at right, with roughly \$40,000 worth of equipment converging at the mark, is a typically hectic meeting of one of the most exclusive sailing fraternities in the world. There are in existence only three dozen of these 38-foot sloops, whose fat-bottomed design with twin rudders and twin hinge boards gives them speeds up to 35 mph. This week, August 19-23, at the Inland Lake Yachting Association regatta on Lake Geneva, Wis., the top 35 members of the clan will gather for the Class A championships.

The A's will not be the only scow sailors—500 of whom will be at Geneva to race scaled-down, 28-foot Class B scows, as well as 20-foot C's and D's—who claim that the A scows and their skippers suffer from elephantitis of the hull and ego. But A boat owners like 26-year-old Bill Grunow, who puts his ILYA title on the line this week, receive these comments as the snapping of a puppy at the heels of a great Dane. "Here is a boat," says Grunow of the A's, "designed almost entirely for racing. You're sitting so close to the water that 20 mph feels like 40 or 50. You just walk on the waves. And she rides the wind. She becomes part of the wind. It's fun trying to conquer anything with spirit like that."

Bearing toward the starting line at better than 10 knots, four Class A scows battle for position as their crews strap down sails and secure the windward





Sir Fritz' crew crowds to windward, Chief Traff trims jib as Thomas Warren's huge 32-foot A seas, world's fastest sailboat races, revs down in ILLA Regatta.

Moby Dick" tips at sharp angle, builds toward 35-mph top speed in class A race as crewmen climb rail and stand on bilge board to hold hull down.





Covish Dray," bow-heavy under weight of crewman taking down reacher sail, noses into lake and throws swath of spray, displaying typical disk-shaped stern hull as Clark Smith steadies her on course during E-class racing.



O'Pondago" (upper) is being hoisted during a rescue attempt. Last month the Skipper John Johnston helped get stranded whaler Tuna Nelson to safe place on Alge board, where she remained until she was lifted aboard police boat (below) which also hoisted her ashore.



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

MONT BLANC: THE HARD WAY TO THE TOP • STATISTICS

ON THE IRE OF THE UMPIRE • WAITING AT THE GOLDEN

GATE • THE BORROWS OF JIMMY JONES • FOOTBALL TIME

THE CONQUERORS

IN THE 171 years since Mont Blanc was first climbed, some 20,000 people have reached its summit, but never, until last week, by way of the Grand Pilastre. This impenetrable bastion is a 5,600-foot precipice, 60,000 inches of rock and green ice jutting to the crest, towering just west of the shimmering, impassable Breven Glacier.

Studying the Grand Pilastre, Walter Bonatti, 37, Italy's foremost climber, wondered why it had never been climbed. He suggested trying it to Tony Gobbi, a 43-year-old former lawyer, a master of ice climbing, as Bonatti is of rock climbing. Gobbi said he'd think it over. Five minutes later he said yes.

On July 31, Bonatti and Gobbi set out without advance notice, and that night pitched their tent at the 10,725-foot level on the plateau beside the glacier and directly below the massive wall that had never been climbed. Bonatti now understood why it had not been. "It looked bad," he said. "Our legs shook a bit."

6:50 a.m. Aug. 1. The climb began with the two men carrying 18 pounds of equipment, including 30 ice hooks, 40 rock pitons, five wedges, two ropes, two rope hooks, an Alpine tent and food consisting of sugar, chocolate, biscuits, condensed milk. Smooth rock rose 1,500 feet directly above them. Beyond the rock lay a 1,500-foot expanse of rock and ice, and above this, 2,000 feet of ice. There was not the faintest handhold on the smooth rock except in a narrow hollow funnel that ended in a half-dome.

Roped to Gobbi, young Bonatti led the way up the perpendicular funnel at the rate of about 15 inches a minute. At the dome, he could find no handholds nor any way out. The climbers had passed the point of no return; they

could not climb down. Bonatti could not see the rock face on either side of the funnel to learn if a crevice existed on either side. He could not reach out to drive a piton into the rock face without toppling backwards into the void. After an hour he thought, "I can't stay here until my strength fails," so he lunged out blindly to the right. There was a small projection for a handhold and a crack for his right foot. "I was really very lucky," he said. On the left side of the funnel there was no projection of any kind.

After 12 hours, or 10,800 inches, Bonatti and Gobbi perched on a narrow ledge below an overhang to spend the night. They tried to eat, but could not swallow. The sound of water running inside the rocks tormented them all night.

Dawn, Aug. 2. Overhead lay the worst 50 yards of the climb, 1,800 inches of absolutely unclimbable rock,

jutting forward at a 110° angle, a sheer drop of 2,000 feet below Bonatti edged sideways in search of an escape route. He said, "It was the worst fear I ever had to overcome."

Finding a crack in the rock face, he hung backward, pounding in pitons. Hour after hour the two men hammered pitons into the rock, clawed up, pulled out the pitons and hammered in more. They left one behind as a marker for future climbers.

Above the overhang, they were halfway up Grand Pilastre. On the ice, Gobbi took the lead, climbing at the rate of about two feet a minute. That night they wrapped their tent around them in an ice cleft. Again they could not eat; their throats were swollen shut.

Dawn, Aug. 3. Only 2,400 more feet, or 24,000 inches, lay above them in an ice-covered cliff. In a final push they

continued

CURRENT WEEK AND WHAT'S AHEAD

• The West: 1-2-3

Detroit, once the monarch of all the unlimited hydroplaning she surveyed, was shut out in the Gold Cup. Seattle entries finished one (*Miss Thriftless*), two (*Shady F.*), three (*Maverick*). Best Detroit could do was fifth (*Short Circuit*).

• Command Performance

Aggrited that Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip will attend the Oct. 19 Maryland-North Carolina football game during their state visit this fall, Terrapin Coach Tommy Mount vowed, "We got pretty badly licked last year (38-6), but it won't happen again this year."

• Something Old, Something New

For the 21st straight time U.S. women defeated the British for the Wightman tennis cup. More newsworthy: a Negro, Aitha Ghass, represented the U.S. for the first time. This made the Chevy Chase, Md. club a hesitant host, so the matches moved west of the Alleghenies—another first—to Sewickley, Pa., outside Pittsburgh, where they made a profit—the first since World War II.

• Invidious Ultimate

Ray Elton, Illinois football coach, reflecting on a trip behind the Iron Curtain a couple of years ago, told a congregation of fellow coaches at the University of Virginia that he was in a position to advise them: "Get down on your knees and thank God even for the alarm."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

mounted it at the rate of six feet a minute, topping the crest of Grand Pilastre at 10 a.m. Eight hours of routine climbing lay ahead, and at 6 a.m. they reached the top of Mont Blanc.

They had accomplished one of the greatest feats in Alpine history, surmounting the most forbidding, most dangerous and most spectacular flank of the highest mountain in the Alps, and finding the first new route to its summit in 87 years.

RULE OF THUMB

THE INSTANT FUROR over National League umpiring has given rise to a new baseball statistic. Just before he was fired as manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates, Bobby Bragan protested bitterly against the Frank Dascoli umpiring team (umpires work in four-man teams; each team is named for its senior member). Bragan claimed the Dascolis were unjustifiably short-tempered and had tossed out 30 of the 40 men hoisted out of National League games this season.

Warren Giles, president of the National League, rejected Bragan's protest and denied his figures, but obstinately refused to issue any official recounting of thumbings by his four umpiring teams.



Giles should have known better. The baseball fan knows nothing so much as a new pile of rich, ripe statistics to play with. Herewith, then, as a public service, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED presents Bounce Standings, an accurate account of this season's umpiring activity to last week. The figures do not include six American League and nine National League players who were expelled automatically from games for fighting, but only those who personally roused the ire of the ump and saw his thumb.

UMPIRES IN DISFAVOR

Umpiring Team	Number Bounced	B. V. I. of all men bounced
Paparella-Rosenbly	14	.464
Kennell	7	.250
Sweeney	4	.143
Berry	4	.143

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Dascoli	27	.568
Gorman	8	.387
Ballantyne	7	.344
Cordova	6	.325

Maybe the Paparella and the Dascolis could meet in a Bouncing World Series, with a suitable trophy, perhaps a gold-plated thumb, for the winners. It would be called the Bobby Bragan Trophy, naturally.

ENGAGED

THE CITY of San Francisco, a gay old girl with a good deal of money, seemed to be having last-minute qualms about marriage with that fortune hunter from the East, the New York Giants baseball club. As her first fluttered excitement at love letters from the Polo Grounds began to subside, a good many of her citizens began to wonder 1) if the Giants were really anything much but Willie Mays, 2) if an American League team might prove much more compatible—San Francisco has produced scads of American League stars, 3) if they really wanted to put civic funds into a baseball park, 4) if they really wanted to pay to watch baseball on Skiatron and 5) if they wouldn't be sorry when that grand old minor league baseball name—the San Francisco Seals—vanished forever.

But despite the skittishness of the bride-to-be—a natural enough reaction in a wealthy older girl contemplating a second adventure in matrimony—the wedding finally began to seem certain. The marriage broker, Mayor George Christopher, remained firm. He sent a letter of definite intent to the Polo Grounds: the city (which badly needs a new stadium) proposed to build a \$5,000-seat baseball park and rent it to the Giants for 7% of box-office revenue; the city would operate its parking lots and let the Giants profit from in-the-park concessions. The ambitious uncle of the groom, Horace Storchman, sighed with satisfaction, prepared to lay the proposal before his stockholders and planned to come to San Francisco to negotiate further soon. An autumn wedding is anticipated.

MIST IN CHICAGO

THE LAST TIME we turned you in on Trainer Jimmy Jones of Calumet Farm (SI, June 24) he was getting ready to quit the East for Chicago in a particularly happy state of mind about his 2-year-olds. Well, so far this season Calumet horses have won considerably more than a million dollars for the stable, and Jimmy Jones is still in a happy mood but he has still not used many of those 2-year-olds. A SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED correspondent caught up with Jimmy the other day at Washington Park just as he was uttering one of his customary low moans about the way handicappers load the weight on Calumet horses. Jones had just saddled his 3-year-old filly Rosewood for the Mary Lou Handicap, and the odd caught rising in Jimmy's voice. "See that Romanita, the No. 4 horse?" he asked. "Going in at odds of 6 to 5 carrying 122 pounds. If she were our horse she'd be 1 to 2 with 126 pounds. Yes, sir, don't waste your money on our horse, the 4-horse is too good."

One minute and 35 seconds later Calumet's Rosewood, carrying a modest 110 pounds (most of it Willie Hartack), came home at odds of 5 to 1 and added another \$13,000 to Calumet's earnings for the year. Jones put down his binoculars. "Karnes me," he said. "I have to go down to the winner's circle."

Ten minutes later he was back, composing his face into grave lines for a discussion of those Calumet 2-year-olds. "Well, you might say we have a nice-looking group of 2-year-olds but they're awful slow to come to hand. They're nice horses but they're having trouble with ankles and ligaments. Oh well, anybody who messes around with young horses is going to have this kind of trouble."

Sipping a gin and tonic without gin, Jimmy went on: "I know I said a couple of months ago that our 2-year-olds would go to town in the fall. Well, thing is, we haven't needed them. If we used 'em hard now it would be at the expense of next year. The form men trying to reach with each of them is a very delicate thing, more delicate than a lady's wristwatch. I'd say our best 2-year-olds are Kentucky Pride, Tim Tam and Temple Hill. They're Derby candidates, but you can't tell what injuries will do."

Somebody remarked that Kentucky Pride had run twice and won twice, the first time by five lengths and the second time by six, and had already been named by one knowledgeable race writer as "a cinch to win next year's Derby." "Yes," said Jones, almost with sadness, "he looks like he'll come along."

Somebody brought up turf races. "Turf races make me nervous," said Jimmy. "They're just plain dangerous. Three years ago we raced a good horse, Mark-Ye-Well, at Washington Park and he came up lame and never started another race. The horse kick up divots; you can't replace them. And when

continued



"Now let us get this straight—they pay him a salary of \$70,000 and then toss him out of the game?"

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

the grass is wet it's too slick for racing. You take an awful risk."

Ah, yes, observed an observer, but wasn't the American Derby, a turf race worth about \$100,000, running up August 11 and didn't Jones have an eligible 3-year-old named Iron Liege who doesn't seem to mind whether he runs on dirt, water or possibly even broken glass?

"There's a lot in what you say," said Jimmy, "and I won't say Iron Liege won't run in that race. When they start handing out that kind of dough you got to think two, three times. You got to think 20, 30 times. It's a borderline decision."

"It's like Kipling says: 'There's times that you think you mightn't, and times that you know you might. But the things that you learn with the police and horses, they'll help you a lot with the white.'"

"Don't use those two last lines, though, Kipling was talking about his girl friends and it might make him look bad." And Jimmy saved himself off.

THE APPRAISER

THESSES of thousands of fight fans are currently engaged in a fascinated remote-control psychoanalysis of Pete Rademacher, the Olympic heavyweight champion, Pete Rademacher, who will fight Floyd Patterson, the real heavyweight champion, in Seattle this month. What sort of martyr, they want to know, not only books himself a battle with a lion (see page 10) but takes care of financing the spectacle too? Last week a good many citizens of Charlotte, N.C. had reason to believe they had discovered a bubbling spring of the parent dope; one Neil Wallace, a 30-year-old heavyweight who is enjoying a local comeback, came home after training, dining and engaging in long conversations with Rademacher in his Georgia camp.

"What," he was instantly asked, "are Rademacher's weak points?"

"Pete treated me awfully good in Georgia," he said, "I'd rather discuss his strong points."

"What are they?"

"He's big and he can hit."

"Can Rademacher be hit?"

"I sure liked the food down there," said Wallace. "Lots of steak and beef stew."

"Is Rademacher poised? Tricky?"

"Pete seems to be a wonderful guy. He has a good thing going for him."

"What did the people in Georgia think of him?"

"They kept saying, 'He beat the big Russian [Lev Machukhin of the Russian Olympic team], didn't he?'"

"Do you personally feel he has a chance?"

"I wouldn't like to say. Pete was too new to me."

"If you were fighting him tomorrow, who'd you bet on?"

"Now that's different," said Wallace (who won 18 of 21 professional fights, and then took a seven-year layoff because of brittle hands). "I'd sure like that chance for about one one-hundredth of what he's giving Patterson. Like I say, Pete's a good boy. I'd be inclined to bet on myself."

ANNUAL REMINDER

WHILE THE Chicago White Sox were breaking up on the New York Yankees and the first-team melée continued in the National League last week a premature football game stole the stage in the Midwest. Some 75,000 sat in wet content in Soldier Field, Chicago to watch the New York Giants, champions of the professional world, down the College All-Stars 23-15. (The White Sox, playing Detroit at Comiskey Park earlier in the day, drew 7,835.)

It was, of course, pro football's annual reminder and appetite-whetter for the season to come, and the game went as most of these games go—the pros sparred for a quarter analyzing the All-Star offense and defense, and then, discovering that the All-Star secondary was no match for professional

pass patterns, gave the collegians some painfully effective lessons in the subject, with the veteran passer Charley Conerly as head instructor. For the All-Stars, Stanford's John Brodie played quarterback with aplomb, named coach as well as Conerly and, justifiably, was selected as the most valuable of the collegians.

At the hall, last year's most valuable All-Star player received his trophy. He was Bob Pellegrini, the Maryland linebacker, and he was confused as the current All-Star secondary defense. He thanked his coaches and teammates and parents and wound up by saying, "But most of all I owe thanks to my dog." This caused a rumble of questioning in the wet stands and was never explained to the 75,000. According to the script, what Pellegrini meant was, "But most of all I owe thanks to my God."

GROUNDWORK

ONE of the big problems in advancing American tennis is just spading up the ground: finding, in the vast reaches of the country, the young players who ought to be guided, encouraged and watched. Some of the best help yet to turn up in solving this problem has come from the National Junior Chamber of Commerce. Its fourth national tournament for juniors and boys wound up at Santa Monica, Calif. last Saturday after beginning, weeks ago, with local tournaments in which 40,000 young players took part. Those who survived the state eliminations were sent on to Santa Monica—and they arrived there from 45 states, Alaska and Hawaii.

The two champions this year are Paul Palmer of Phoenix, Ariz. (boys) and Allen Fox of Beverly Hills, Calif. (girls). Fox and Larry Nagler, of Roslyn, N.Y. (who also reached the junior final), will automatically be added to the USLTA's Junior Davis Cup Squad, the rest of whose members are already assembled and under the guidance, for the next four weeks, of William F. Talbert and Jack Bushman.

The cost of this year's tournament—\$15,000—was covered by Motorola, Inc. The local Jaycee groups provided organization and manpower, and the entire effort came off remarkably well: 40,000 kids got a pat of encouragement and a chance at tournament play. And the Jaycees reached all the way down to the small-town, grassroots level where many of the country's best athletes are found—a level tennis has rarely reached in the past.



BLAST

The runner touched first
And I promptly exploded:
He should have remembered
The hare was a hare!
—CHARLES E. HALL

CHARLIE WINDSOR GOES TO SEA



A PAULID BUT GAME PRINCE CHARLES RACES IN DRAGON CLASS "BLUEBOTTLE" WITH HIS FATHER AND BOAT DESIGNER APPA FOR

England's 8-year-old Prince Charles climbed into the cockpit of his father's Dragon class *Bluebottle* last week and took part in his first yacht race—giving rise to qualms in his own stomach, rousing up criticism of his care-free parent in some British newspapers (which implied, without actually saying so, that the weather at Cowes was much too blustery for a child) and earning the respect of millions of his sea-conscious countrymen. The little prince, who was living aboard the royal yacht *Britannia* with his father, had to beg hard for the chance to take part in the race. But after bounding about in the

choppy water for an hour before the event it was evident that he had cause to reconsider—his face looked pale. A barge from the *Britannia* nosed alongside, and an officer called, "Does he want to leave?" His father looked inquiringly at Charles from his post at the tiller. "No," said Charles, albeit faintly. "No," shouted his parent and added, "Cheer up, Charles. You'll be all right." He was. He brightened, as spray flew over him during the two-hour race (in which *Bluebottle* finished fourth), and afterward he achieved real triumph: his father let him sail *Bluebottle* himself on the return to the *Britannia*.



EARLY-BIRD SHOPPERS PREEN IN HISTORIC ATTIRE



RACCOON REVIVALISTS, GATHERED AT LOBB & TAYLOR, DEIFY THE AUGUST

ENTER VINTAGE RACCOONS

BY FRANK M. CONTESSA

Many a diehard Second-tierist salted away Confederate money after the Civil War, saying, "The South will rise once more!" and there are still there who heartfully add Imperial Russian bombs. But there is no evidence at all that anyone spent the Depression years at buying up old raccoon coats. Last week it began to appear not just one who had done so—providing he did not end up in a padded cell—but very well have had a corner on a most curious economic market. Until only a few days ago nobody really thought the market existed. Buyers for New York's fashionable Lord & Taylor & Bonwit, noted that the advent of the



HEAT TO SHOW WHAT AUTUMN MAY BRING

sports car had brought some old raccoon coats out of the closet, and were led to wonder what had happened to all the thousands of old raccoons which the Charleston-and-hip-funk set of the carefree 1920s had abandoned after the Wall Street crash. What would happen if they were discovered and remarked as furry antiques? They found coats by the score in basements and attics—one with a pair of bootleg-era brass knuckles in a pocket. The first 500 offered for sale—at \$25—were gone by noon to the new generation of college students. This week, with Macy's in the battle too, old raccoons were back, back, back.

TWO POSTURES IN RACCOON



Old Raccoons
don't fade
away

they
reappear
at Macy's
for 22.09
and go
to college
all over
again



VASSAR LOOK

Elegant Loeb & Taylor started the raccoon mania with this ad on August 4, offering "a limited collection" of such belittles, "bath-scented and in a guaranteed state of magnificent three-pair," at \$25 per C ("as mail or phone orders").

HIPYAH LOOK

Popular Macy's jumped in week later with collection of its own cat (\$22.95, also no mail or phone orders), warning of "lovely holes, a divine tear here or there," but bragging of "a marvelous snobby seediness no other cat can boast."

There are many ways to make a good impression on your audience. One way is to use a good presentation. A good presentation is one that is well organized, easy to follow, and visually appealing. It should also be interesting and informative. A good presentation can help you to communicate your ideas effectively and to make a lasting impression on your audience.

AUGUST 19, 1963

WAITING FOR THE WHISTLE

With the kickoff whistle only a month or so away, college football players across the country are putting in their final hours of summer work. Their jobs, while possibly not as cool and refreshing as Red Grange's fabled ice route, somehow reflect the nation's tempo a quarter century after Grange. Many players found employment this summer in sprawling steel mills, in outfits engaged in classified government projects and in construction crews whacking up new shopping centers. Other players, no less ambitious, cast a quiet and sober eye to their future careers and sought their fitness workouts in off-business hours. Here are seven of this fall's cast of football characters—four laborers, a mailman, a scholar and a salesman—outfitted in the uniforms of summer toil. Come late September, you'll see them in shirts with numbers.



TEXAS AGGR TACKLE CHARLIE KRUEGER



MICHIGAN STATE TACKLE Pat Burke with insurance, maintains fitness in school gym.



SYRACUSE END, powerful Dick Lane, hauls a cumbersome piece of raring equipment across the floor of a Syracuse corporation which is engaged in classified missile work.



COUPLES ENGINE AND FLATCAR IN A HOUSTON STEEL PLANT



COLORADO GUARD, burly John Wooten, a construction worker at a new Boulder shopping center, starts heavy drums of oil.



PITT HALFBACK, scholarly-practiced Jim Theissen, studies analytical chemistry problems to lighten his fall laboratory load.

PENN HALFBACK Frank Riepl offers football writers a sure-fire cliché as he carries mail in his home town of South River, N.J.



ILLINOIS QUARTERBACK, Bill Offenbecker, a cog in last year's Michigan State upset, is plunker's digger on the Illini campus.



PEACE & IMMUNITY

Timesidebatter game-ones in Boston's Paul Revere Mall tonight, and New York's Washington Square (below) are seriously making the most of their right (especially, to mention, the guaranteed by those Constitution, while enjoying an immunity from congressional legislation not shared at this time by the moguls of professional baseball, football, basketball and hockey. Plaque beneath which modern Bostonians play cards commemorates a 1775 speech by Patriot Joseph Warren, expiring, and it's good card-game advice too: "You will not turn your facts from your foes."



NEW YORK CHESS PLAYERS read intently at their boards in sessions which are a daily part of life in Washington Square.



BOSTON CARO PLAYERS, busy with a two-handed Italian pastime called briscola, foregather under plaques recalling their prerogatives under Article I of the Bill of Rights.

THE 'HAMBO' HITS DU QUOIN

by JEREMIAH TAX

Showcase for the 1957 Hambletonian, premiere event in trotting, is a county fair extravaganza that transforms a little southern Illinois town into a nine-day New Orleans Mardi Gras



DAVE O'JOHN, STANDARDBRED, IN SPEEDY EDWARDS HANDBAR



JOE JERGEN'S BOND HANDBAR IN DISAPPOINTMENT THEN FUR



HEAT WITH STRONG CRANK IS RUTH BOLDWIN'S BOLD SING
CANNON, HANDBAR AND BOLD TOWN, THE SENTIMENTAL CHILD



THE ANNOUS OF THE MOST... high-stepping, mane flapping, tail flying—is surely one of the more esthetically satisfying spectacles in sport, on a par with a crosscourt backhand off the tennis racket of Ken Rosewall or a fast break on the basketball court paced by Bob Cousy. It follows that a field of 15 of the purest bred and most meticulously trained trotters skimming the surface of a fast mile track in competition for a \$100,000 prize is a sight to bring a rush of gladness to the heart, blood to the head and money to the mutual machines. This then is the Hambletonian, premiere event of the year in trotting, which will be raced at Du Quoin, Ill., Tuesday, August 27.

Since 1950, with one wartime year exception, this dramatic trot for 3-year-olds has been staged at Goshen, N.Y., a few miles from the farm where the great Hambletonian stood at stud in the middle years of the 19th century and established himself as the dominant sire of all time, with nine out of 10 of today's harness horses tracing directly to him in the male line. This year's move to Du Quoin was one result of the current war between the United States Trotting Association and New York Commissioner George Montgomerie (SI, April 29, 1957). And there are reasons to believe that it will stay in Du Quoin for a long time. Don and Gene Hayes, squire of the Hayes Fair Acres and impresarios of the Du Quoin State Fair, have put together a schedule of sport, spectacle and general hoopla for Hambletonian Week that should make it impossible for another move even to be considered in the foreseeable future. They offer the race as but one item—albeit the feature—of a round of cattle shows, midway rides, auto races, water ski exhibitions (on the oval lagoons in the track's center field), and they stage vaudeville galas starring such as Guy Mitchell, the Mills Brothers, Joni James and the Four Aces. In short, a county fair Hollywood-style and a fine horse race to boot.

A paradox of this year's Hambletonian is the fact that it may produce a new record, though there is not a single truly outstanding horse in the field comparable to, say, Scott Frost two years ago. Hoot Mon's 1947 mark of two minutes flat may fall for two reasons: the track at Du Quoin is much faster than Goshen's ever was; and with the race coming off three weeks later than usual it will result in "reader" horses, most with at least two additional major stakes to their credit. The extra training will help, too.

As occasionally happens in impor-

tant horse races, the betting favorite will by no means be the sentimental one. The latter is Cassin Hanover, and not because this fine filly is a daughter of Hoot Mon. Cassin has been trained and will be driven by Fred Egan, whose Emerald Isle green silks have been flashing around trotting tracks for more than 50 years. Egan is now 77 and is determined to become the oldest driver to win this event. (Bt Shively was 74 when he won with Sharp Note in 1932). Earlier this season it appeared that "the old man and his mare" might have a good chance at the top prize, but Cassin has been disappointing in her last few outings, including one at Vernon Downs two weeks ago when she was soundly beaten in a race with other

track. His occasional lapses into stride-breaking this year were practically all the result of near or actual accidents, one of which brought him to his knees and bruised both shins. Simpson says the colt is sound, however, and in such condition he has the best collection of physical attributes—speed, manners, stamina—to surmount the many difficulties presented by a typical Hambletonian field.

These all have to do with the number of post-time entries—15 seems a good guess this year—which multiplies the likelihood that racing luck will play a larger than usual part in the outcome. The size of the field means that the horses will start in two tiers, eight behind the starting gate and the



BILL SIMPSON, AIMS FOR FIRST HAMBLETONIAN WIN WITH LUCKY HORSE FOR A PRIZE

Hambletonian eligibles. Oddly enough, however, this may be the stage setting for a remarkable coincidence. In 1949, Egan was prepping Miss Tilly for the Hambletonian and was trenched both a month and a week before the event, but came on to win it in straight heats and in record time for a filly. Cassin and the veteran Egan may be only emotional favorites, but they must not be counted out completely.

Despite some bad breaks which have caused inconsistent performances, Hickey Smoke, trained and driven by Johnny Simpson (see cover), is still the horse to beat. Simpson did not send Smoke to the races until comparatively late in the season, obviously aiming the colt for this one event, a trick at which Johnny is an expert. Smoke's one serious flaw, a tendency to bear in on turns, should not handicap him to any appreciable extent on the wide sweeps and long stretches of a mile

remainder behind three—the No. 9 horse behind No. 1, and so on. There is simply no question but that the second-tier horses are under a handicap right at the start—with two possible exceptions. If the No. 1 horse leaves fast, the No. 9 horse is then in perfect position to stay right behind him and go into the first turn well tucked in in second place—an ideal spot for most trotters. The other possible beneficiary is the extreme outside horse in the second tier. In the event of a jam-up in the center of the track before the turn is reached, this outside horse has the best chance to go wide around the field without slowing down.

After the start, the crowded track will continue to take its toll of racing strategy, with drivers exerting much of their effort in trying to stay out of trouble rather than in planning possible moves. The smartest driver and

outward

HAMBLETONIAN

continued

speedster colt may be three or four lanes wide for much of the race, and thus forced to travel farther than all the other horses. Conversely, they may find themselves locked in tight on the rail all the way, with never an opportunity to use either speed or savvy. These and other problems exist in a normal eight-horse field, of course, but to a much lesser degree. The only entry for whom a Hambletonian poses no such difficulties is the colt who 1) draws an inside, first-tier position, 2) can leave the gate at top speed, 3) can maintain it practically all the way. The first two conditions are reasonable enough, but the third—especially when added to the second—is really too much to expect of any 3-year-old.

All of which may help explain why only twice in the past 10 years has the

row, and more races for the last four years in a row. In that time, he has stuffed his trophy case with just about every cup, bowl and silver tea service offered on the Grand Circuit as well as the nighttime tracks. But he has not won a Hambletonian. This year he will be driving an erratic little filly named Flicka Frost, and almost no one but Billy will concede she has a real chance. Billy goes farther. With any kind of a fair break in post position and the subsequent action, he thinks he can win. Considering the usual reluctance of horsemen even to discuss their own entry's chances, this amounts to wild optimism.

You could compile quite a list of things that are wrong with Flicka—and those same experts will help you. She will break stride at the start of a race, and any other time she doesn't care for the requests her driver makes of her. She has her own ideas about

her book and a favorite of the many who consider O'Brien the peer of any trainer-driver around. As of this writing, however, Bond has yet to start this season. He has been lame and otherwise around for reasons which O'Brien and the vets have been unable to discover and must now be reckoned a doubtful starter at Du Quoin. But Joe, who drove Scott Frost to his Hambletonian victory in 1955, has another entry in Mudge Hanover, Bond's stablemate and almost exact opposite, medically speaking. It was last year that Mudge was lame and this year that he has shown well. He still suffers from a quarter crack that appears slow in healing, but that's the only thing slow about this colt.

One other entry, particularly, merits most serious consideration: Ralph Baldwin's filly, Host Song. This young lady has a great deal to recommend her if you discount her odd habit of going into a break right at the wire—a trait which leads some to believe that she lacks stamina, timing and losing her gait at the precise moment when it counts most. The rest must be figured as long-odds hopefuls, which scarcely rules them out as potential winners in this event. A consistent colt like Silver Way, for example, might bring Driver Frank Ervin first past the wire simply by outstaying the field. Ned Bower, last year's dark horse winner with The Intruder, has another sleeper in Storm Cloud. The Hayes brothers have their own entry, Royal Rodney, who has been training well on his home grounds in Du Quoin. Only a newcomer to harness racing would fail to note carefully the presence of a Hambletonian colt trained and driven by the slick veteran Curly Smart; the other drivers won't. His name is Philip Frost. Finally, there are those who say that Johnny Simpson will be driving the wrong horse in his entry if he expects to win. They prefer the fast but flighty Rhonda Hanover to Hickory Smoke.

One thing is certain for Tuesday, August 27: the Hayes brothers will have a superbly conditioned track ready for this race. What happens on it may bear not the slightest resemblance to all of the above predictions for a reason which can only be termed an act of God. It can get pretty hot at Du Quoin. A few years ago, a little chestnut pacer led the field down to the half in about 1:39 or so—and then finished up the track, near collapse from heat prostration. It was 120° in Du Quoin that afternoon, and anything can happen to men and horses in that kind of weather. (E.H.R.)

HOW THEY RUN THE HAMBLETONIAN

To win the Hambletonian, a horse must be first in two of the nine heats, which are raced roughly an hour apart. If different horses win the first two heats, all horses come back for a third heat. If still another horse wins this heat, only the three best winners come back for a fourth and final race. Harness horses are bred and trained for stamina as well as speed; a three-heat afternoon will not fade them. Many have registered their fastest time in the final race of a heat-two-out-of-three race.

Post position for the first heat is drawn by lot; after that, it is determined by the order of finish in the previous heat, the winner getting No. 1, and so on.

Owners must make the first eligibility

payment (of \$10) for the Hambletonian by the May 1 following the horse's first birthday, which, for all horses, is January 1 of the year after foaling. Two more payments must be made by January 1 of each of the two succeeding years, and there is an added starting fee 48 hours before the race. This year's starting fee is \$1,000; the total prize payment for each of the starters will be \$1,466. The track will put up an additional \$25,000 or 45% of the accumulated post-race purse, whichever amount is greater. Thus, with 15 starters, the 1957 Hambletonian purse will total \$104,900—after some minor deductions, 50% to the winner, 25% to second, 10% to third and 5% to fourth.

premise favorite won the Hambletonian, though in all fairness there is another side to this coin. Many owners and trainers aim their colts toward peak performance in this race, with its excellent purse and the immense prestige which goes with winning the Derby of trotting. They bring their charges along so carefully (one might almost add secretly) that on Hambletonian day it is conceivable that literally no one, and that includes the driver, knows exactly how good the horse really is. The surprise long-odds winner is a surprise to his own driver.

One driver who will not be surprised if he's first at Du Quoin—though a great many experts will be—is Billy Haughton. This young man of 33 has won more money than any other driver in harness racing for five years in a

how to go her race. But one thing she has—beyond dispute—and that is blazing speed. In the past month, while Haughton has been occupied elsewhere, she has been worked and handled in races by several other drivers, including Del Miller, possibly the most expert manager of problem horses in the business. She still has her speed and, if her manners have improved sufficiently, she could easily become the newest long-shot Hambo winner.

Among all the eligibles, there has been no bigger disappointment this year than Joe O'Brien's colt, Bond Hanover. As a 2-year-old, Bond was the most consistent race horse in his class, finishing first, second or third in 23 of his 37 starts, an exceptional record for a freshman. He was second choice (to Hickory Smoke) in the win-

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curacy demands the sure holding steadiness
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Big-league

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Nobody has ever been able to say what sport is, quite.

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Perhaps that's because sport means a number of opposite things.

It means fact and it means fancy. It is as tangible as a baseball bat and as intangible as a frosty morning; exciting as a photo-finish, serene as ebb tide.

It is competition; composure; memory; anticipation.

Sport is not all things to all people. But today it is something in more different ways to more people than it has ever been before.

It is play for many and work for a few.

It is what no one *has* to do and almost everyone *wants* to do.

It represents, on the one hand, challenges willingly accepted—and, on the other, gambits willingly declined.

Its colors are as bright as a cardinal's feathers; as soft as midnight on a mountain trail.

It is as loud as Yankee Stadium at the climax of a World Series—and as quiet as snow.

It is exercise and rest. It is man exuberant and man content.

In America today sport is not only a dream that lies over the rainbow. It is also an awakening that brings a family together—on a boat or beach, skiing weekend or camping trip.

Sport is not art or religion, morals or ideals. But with all of these it shares values which are at least humanly high and always highly human.

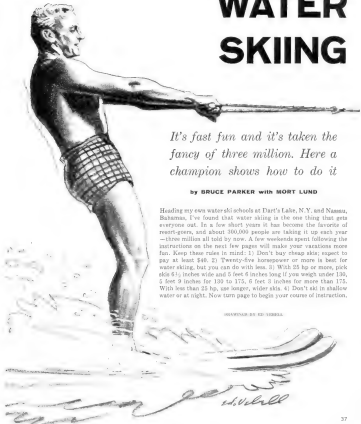
Sport is an expanding world in an expanding universe.

Sport is a wonderful world.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

All About

WATER SKIING

A black and white illustration of a man water skiing. He is shown from the waist up, leaning back, holding a tow rope with both hands. He is wearing checkered swim trunks. The water around him is splashing, and his skis are visible at the bottom of the frame. The illustration is signed 'H. Villard' in the lower right corner.

It's fast fun and it's taken the fancy of three million. Here a champion shows how to do it

by **BRUCE PARKER** with **MORT LUND**

Heading my own water ski schools at Dart's Lake, N.Y. and Nassau, Bahamas, I've found that water skiing is the one thing that gets everyone out. In a few short years it has become the favorite of resort-goers, and about 300,000 people are taking it up each year—three million all told by now. A few weekends spent following the instructions on the next few pages will make your vacations more fun. Keep these rules in mind: 1) Don't buy cheap skis; expect to pay at least \$40. 2) Twenty-five horsepower or more is best for water skiing, but you can do with less. 3) With 25 hp or more, pick skis 5½ inches wide and 5 feet 6 inches long if you weigh under 130, 5 feet 9 inches for 130 to 175, 6 feet 3 inches for more than 175. With less than 25 hp, use longer, wider skis. 4) Don't ski in shallow water or at night. Now turn page to begin your course of instruction.

ILLUSTRATION BY H. VILLARD



BINDINGS

Make sure that bindings fit snugly. Back should be adjustable, narrow enough to hold heel. Toes should stick out. Barbers under foot should be rough for better grip.



HANDS

Skier's hands should be placed at either end of 15-inch tow bar. The bridle should be about 12 inches on each side. Rope itself should be 75 feet long. Use 14-inch Manilla.



SIGNALS

Raised hand means "take me in." Palm up: "speed up." Palm down: "slow." Shoving motion with hand at throat: "out motor." Head tilted left (right): "turn left (right)."

FUNDAMENTALS OF STARTING



As boat pulls you forward, you will rise naturally to the surface right. Do not try to pull yourself up but keep arms absolutely straight and knees against chest until skin air stream is surface, maintaining mouth which keeps weight evenly distributed on skin line and air. As skin starts to plane (there) come slowly out of mouth and stay in bent position, letting boat pull you along for a way until you feel securely balanced with your weight slightly back, ski tips up a little. Keep both arms straight.



Assume correct riding position (right) as soon as you feel confident. Skis should be roughly six inches apart. Keep knees slightly bent to throw upper body back at an angle of about 10° and keep tips of skin up. Do not bend at hips or waist but keep back straight, shoulders thrown back and elbows straight. The crouched riding position is much less fatiguing than the hunched position that many un-instructed skiers seem to maintain permanently. When the time comes to land, approach parallel to the dock.





COMMON START MISTAKES

Correct starting consists of easy-to-follow steps, and yet at least half of the beginners make one or more of the above incorrect moves. Race someone watch to see that you don't make these errors. Most common is pulling up on rope (upper left); this makes skis shoot out from underneath, throws skier on back. Arms should stay straight, and skier should not try to bring himself to surface of water until speed of boat brings him up naturally. Sliding skis at too steep an angle to surface (left) may prevent boat (especially low-power outboard) from bringing skier to surface and either drag him along submerged or pull him between skis. Standing up from crouch too soon (above); throws skier on his face while his legs do a split. Remember: if you fall, throw tow bar away before you hit the water. The boat will come back.



JUMPING WAKE

Simplest trick in water skiing is to leave wake of boat, ride out to side and then re-enter wake. To leave—upper left—push off from ski nearest boat and head out sharply from boat's path (at least 45°), leaving at least 30' away from boat. Turn upwind edge toward boat about 15°. Relax knees so that you go smoothly over edge of wake instead of banging into the water and perhaps tripping yourself. Re-enter wake at sharp angle to minimize the pull exerted by edge of wake. Do not ride too far out to side of boat or you will overtake it and get stuck rope. To re-enter wake by jumping (left), go into crouch, pull up on rope for added speed. As ski tips hit edge of wake (above), skier springs into air, bouncing off the edge.

CONTINUED

BEGINNING TRICKS

Here are two easy tricks: For no-hand ride, reach forward and grab tow line with one hand (upper left), lean well forward at waist, take tow bar in back of knees with other hand, then lean down slowly to let rope straighten out. Let go of rope when it is straight, then put hands on hips for balance (lower left), keep knees bent to hold tow bar in place. Stand erect, but with no backward lean. Ski salute or one-ski riding (below) is done by putting weight on one ski, raising other ski slightly, being sure to keep tip out of water, then shifting hand on lifted-ski side to middle of tow bar and letting go with other hand. Now lean back and, balancing with free hand, lift unweighted ski to upright position.



ADVANCED TRICKS: SINGLE-SKI SLALOM



Some experts prefer to do slalom on one specially built ski. Single slalom ski (left) is about a foot longer than regular ski, has extra toe blading in back and deep, weighted heel on tail of ski. Also, rear of slalom ski is sometimes narrowed to point for better turning. To ride slalom ski, keep weight mainly on front foot, using back foot for steering. Turns are made with much greater lean than on two skis—up to 45°. After skier has learned to make sharp turns with slalom ski, he should set up slalom course (below) and practice on it. Although slalom course can be run on two skis, the one-ski technique is most efficient.

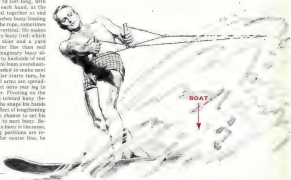


Slalom course is set with two starting buoys through which both boat and skier pass. From here on, boat stays on 255-yard-long center line while skier veers to right to go around buoy set 12 1/4 yards out at the 45-yard point on the center line. Then he crosses center line to try for second buoy set 12 1/4 yards out to left of

the center line at the 90-yard mark. Buoys are set every 48 yards along center line. In competition, skier runs course both ways at speeds up to 35 miles an hour. Skier is out when he misses a buoy. Since skiers often strike buoys, rubber or balloon buoys, not hazardous metal or wood ones, must be used.

THE SLALOM TURN

Standard slalom rope is 70 feet long, with short tow bars, one for each hand, at the end of five-foot lines tied together at end of tow line. Skier approaches buoy leaning hard against the pull of the rope, sometimes as much as 45° from the vertical. He makes his turn around imaginary buoy (red) which is about a yard nearer skier and a yard farther away from center line than real buoy. Turning on the imaginary buoy allows skier to shave close to backside of real buoy, thus preventing him from overshooting and losing ground needed to make next buoy in sequence. As skier starts turn, he separates his hands until arms are spread-eagled and throws weight onto rear leg in jam tail of ski into water. Pivoting on the tail of ski, he then leans toward buoy (below), and as he passes it he snaps his hands together which has the effect of lengthening tow rope and giving him chance to set his course across center line to next buoy. Sequence for taking opposite buoy is the same, except that arm and leg positions are reversed. As skier heads for center line, he



evens weight again on both feet and digs in as hard as possible by leaning away from boat, flexing his knees rapidly as he crosses wake of boat so that he can keep his ski in water. If ski becomes airborne, skier will lose ground and be dragged beyond point where he can reach buoy on far side of wake to swing into his next turn.



CONTINUED

SKIING BACKWARDS

To start off, bend over from the waist, putting your head and upper torso under water, with the top of your head pointing almost straight down to the bottom. Back to the sky, heels be out of water. Grasp one bar behind legs just above crotch, keeping arms below hips, skis slightly apart and at about a 45° angle from the vertical. As boat starts to pull, keep weight well forward as toes, lowering away from the boat, rise naturally, and when skis start to plane, gradually straighten your body and lean forward, away from the boat, about 30° from the vertical.



TURNAROUNDS BACK TO FRONT, FRONT TO BACK





When you've learned to ski backwards you are ready to try turnarounds. Special trick skis must be worn for this (no fin on bottom), and boat speeds must be kept at 18 to 20 mph, no more. Skier first lets go with one hand (shown left), leans away from boat, turns up ski edge nearer boat; and thus naturally swings into sideways position (shown center), turning tow bar over as he swings. Turnaround should be a clean, even, sweeping movement, with no attempt to hold sideways position at any point. As skier turns, he should keep bar fairly close to waist and complete turn by reaching up for tow bar with free hand (shown right), still keeping skis edged until he gets into front position (shown

left). To do front-to-back turnaround, skier pulls up on rope (shown left) and then lets go with one hand, swinging naturally into sideways position (shown center), keeping tow bar fairly close to waist. As he reaches sideways position, he should swing hard with free hand toward tow bar, which is now behind his back, at the same time turning tow bar over so empty side meets free hand. Both turnarounds should be practiced in the same direction, so that with experience the two phases can be connected and the skier can make complete 360° circle without pause. Although these tricks appear difficult at first, a competent intermediate should be able to handle them with grace.



CONTINUED

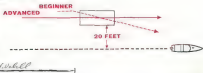
BEGINNING JUMP

The most formidable-looking stunt in water skiing is probably the jump; but, like other tricks, it can be surprisingly easy if you follow instructions. Jumping ramp for water skiers has surface 24 feet long set with upper end 5 feet (beginners) to 6 feet (advanced) off the water. Surface is made of narrow strips of wet-wooded wood, should be constructed only from detailed plans. Beginner should approach ramp in crouch. Be sure to keep straight nose on both feet above ramp surface is extremely slippery. Skier should maintain crouch on ramp (right) and stay in crouch when he leaves ramp. Thus, when he lands he is in good position to take up shock by flexing knees. Best speed: about 22 mph.



ADVANCED JUMP

Advanced jumper also approaches ramp in crouch, but as soon as he hits ramp, he snaps into upright position (left), bringing tow bar down—which has the effect of throwing him a much greater distance through the air. After he gets into air, skier lets go tow bar with one hand for balance, leaving upper body slightly forward and keeping skis at slightly upward angle. For advanced jumpers, boat approaches ramp at 28 mph. Boat towing any jumper should pass about 20 feet to either side of ramp to bring skier into ramp at best angle and still keep most direct pull on tow rope. During all phases of jump, boat should maintain steady speed and straight-line course until jumper lands and has contacted. Diagram below shows path of beginning jumper and ideal line: he approaches ramp on side away from boat, then veers and sets steady course to cross ramp kitty-corner, heading toward the tow boat. This puts less strain on rope and makes for less jerky landing. Advanced skier, on the other hand, follows path right up middle of ramp (red solid line) and jumps straight out, intentionally putting strain on rope to go more distance. In competition, boats are not allowed to exceed 35 mph approaching ramp, but expert skiers use snap-the-whip technique to increase speed as they approach ramp. They come in at ramp from far side of tow boat, swinging in wide arc which brings them to nearest corner of ramp at up to 80 mph. As they shoot up out of the water, they put maximum strain on the tow rope by jumping off the farthest corner of ramp, traveling away from boat. Expert jumps sometimes exceed 100 feet.



*The seife of a world-famous
actor reveals his secret
passion and tells the story of*

THE KING AND I ON SKIS

by VIRGINIA BRYNNER



IN A SHIMMER OF SPREAD, YUL BRYNNER EXECUTES SLALOM TURN

MOST PEOPLE when visiting a new town set out immediately to inspect all the local points of interest. They seek out the usual tourist attractions: historical spots, national monuments and museums.

Not so the King and I. Our arrival in a new locale brings on a frenzied search for oceans, bays, canals and lakes. Every suitable waterway comes under our immediate inspection, because we are this new breed of amphibians, the Water Skiers.

We Brynners became victims of this "aquamania" about six years ago, when I naively gave Yul a pair of water skis and a book entitled *How to Ski on Water*. One thing leading to another, we now own two speedboats and a house on Long Island Sound, and are half owners of a water skiing resort in the Adirondacks. Each year we take a trip to Mexico for further instruction. Both of us are members of the American Water Ski Association and the Club de Regatas in Acapulco. We also have a few tournament ribbons from competitions in the veterans class (which means we are over 30).

Water skiers are a strange tribe of sportsmen, and their eternal search for smooth water and a steady tow will lead them into many unusual, if not downright dangerous, situations.

When we were on the road with *The King and I*, we played once in Memphis, Tenn. We had a weekend off, so Yul and I decided to hop a plane and spend a weekend of fun in New Orleans. Through the American Water Ski Asso-

ciation we had a letter of introduction to Dick Leconte, who had represented that league in many tournaments.

When we arrived at the bouthouse to meet the Lecontes we were discouraged to find that the water was far too choppy for skiing.

"In New Orleans we got more than one way to skin a snake," Dick said in his soft southern drawl. "I'll take you all into the bayous. You'll get real good skiing there."

We did. The water in the swamps was smooth enough to lay out a salamander course with buoys, and we competed in running the markers all day, joking and teasing each other.

I did notice, however, that each time I cut out toward the bank to line up for the next buoy, there was an unusual amount of what looked to be driftwood. I was further astonished by Leconte's remarkable ability in handling the boat. Every time I fell off the skis, the boat would speed back and I would be pulled out of the water immediately—and roughly.

It was in the evening as we headed back to the dock, played with our stay on the buoys and the clever way we had outwitted the choppy lake water, that I inquired of Mrs. Leconte why she hadn't joined in.

"Oh, I never ski on these waters."

"Why?" Yul asked.

"You can't get your skis in," she said firmly.

With dawning horror I looked at Yul, and the expression in his eyes told me that he, too, had seen the floating

driftwood that wasn't driftwood at all.

As we headed the Lecontes goodbye and thanked them for extending themselves, Dick said quietly, "About those alligators, they only bother strangers. As long as you were with me, I don't reckon they'd go for you."

On our recent visits to the various ski clubs, we saw examples of the new methods employed to start the beginner that made our own earlier efforts, book-themed and bumbling as they were, seem unbelievably rugged.

At a water skiing lodge in Portland, Oregon, for example, the instructor, by simply tying the skis together in front, eliminated immediately the beginner's most serious problem of control. Later, on a lake in Michigan, Yul had the opportunity to use this method of teaching in a situation that could have ended disastrously.

A pair of honeymooners had been pointed out to us by the hotel manager, and the next morning we saw them on the lake. The bride was cracking her husband how to ski. Five times he got up, only to fall into that ludicrous position called "beginner's splits." Filled with grim determination to display his athletic prowess, he refused his bride's entreaties to give it up. By the time we offered help, he was desperately frustrated and she was near tears.

Yul tied the skis together, gave him some simple instructions and the young husband was off and away, happy as could be on his first ride. We like to believe that we saved, if not a marriage, at least a honeymoon. **END**

TROUBLE IN DETROIT

The youthful, rising Tigers had dreams of a pennant this year. Now, as the season fades, they are fighting to escape from sixth place

by ROBERT CREAMER

IN THE BEGINNING it was spring, and the world was wonderful. From the front office of the Detroit Tigers came the word: "Surrounded by an air of earnest enthusiasm and optimism, the Detroit Tigers go into spring training at Lakeland with but one idea in mind—to give the New York Yankees a run for the American League pennant in 1967."

Then it was August, and the world tasted like sixth place. Whoever heard of the Baltimore Orioles? But they, and not the Yankees, were the team Detroit was desperately trying to catch at one point. And the prize was not a pennant but possibly only fifth place.

What in the world had happened to the Tigers? It must be remembered that it was not only their own front office which rated them so high. Casey Stengel had said during the winter: "We gotta watch out for those Tigers.

They'll have a real shot at it." The Associated Press poll of baseball writers had the Tigers as a solid second behind the Yankees. Conservatives warned that they might finish as low as third, but others, remembering Detroit's brilliant play over the last half of the 1966 season, felt that they might, with a little bit of luck, actually steal the pennant away from New York.

After all, in 1966 the Tigers had won 87 of their last 94 games and had scored seven full games on the Yankees in that last third of the season. The Tigers based their dreams of the future on that finish and these individual performances of the season past:

Al Kaline batted .314, with 27 home runs and 128 runs batted in.

Charley Maxwell batted .326, with 28 home runs and 87 runs batted in.

Harvey Kuenn batted .332, with 12 home runs and 88 runs batted in.

Ray Boone batted .308, with 25 home runs and 81 runs batted in.

Frank Lary won 21 games, 17 of his victories coming after July 1.

Billy Hoeltz won 20 games.

Here was a team with four solid .300 hitters, two solid 20-game winners and a galaxy of less-publicized but highly capable players. The only common criticism leveled at the Tigers was that they tended to be a lethargic team. Detroit front-office officials moved to remedy this one, then. They dismissed easy-going Busky Harris as manager, hired in his place the little-known but dynamic Jack Tighe and sat back to enjoy the season.

Nothing happened, except trouble. The Tigers started out poorly and wallowed along in the middle of the standings until June. Then they won five straight victories and moved into third, 3½ games behind the league leaders. But they promptly lost 10 of their next 13 to subside into their cozy, familiar .500 neighborhood. Throughout July they stumbled along, and on August 2, after 100 games, they were still at .500, with 50 won, 50 lost.

Bravely, the Detroit front office waved a cheerful flag. They remarked that though the 1967 Tigers seemed disappointing, it should be remembered that in 1966 after 100 games the Tigers were 10 games under .500. Another garrison finish like last year's would move Detroit well up into the first division. Buoyed up by this display of confidence, the Tigers promptly lost five of their next six games and fell into sixth place.

The question persists: What's wrong with the Tigers?

The answer lies in the fact that the four "solid .300 hitters" are all batting under .300, from 36 to 89 points under last year's averages. The two "solid 20-game winners" had won only seven games between them with two-thirds of the season gone—but despite their failure Detroit's pitching has actually been the salvation of the team. Paul

continues

PERPLEXED MANAGER TIGHE PONTERS WHILE SLUMPING STAR KUENN CHews SLUMPLY





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TROUBLE IN DETROIT

continued

Foyack, Jim Benning and Duke Maas have picked up most of the slack left by Lary and Hoeff and the staff has allowed far fewer runs this year than last.

No, the blame lies not on arms but on bats. The woeful decline in hitting, and specifically power hitting (with two-thirds of the season gone, for example, Stigger Al Kaline had hit only six home runs), is reflected in the number of runs scored. Last season only the World Champion Yankees scored more runs than Detroit. This year only the eighth-place Kansas City Athletics have scored fewer.

Why aren't the hitters hitting? Well, injuries have admittedly hampered Boone and Maxwell (who has been the only consistent home run threat), but the minor harts ragging at Kuenn and Kaline are not enough in themselves to explain their decline. Some say Kaline has been trying to pull every pitch into the left field seats. Knowing this, the pitchers keep the ball outside where it's impossible for Kaline (whose forte is Mutsaers-like grace rather than Khrushchev-like muscle) to pull. As a result, he pops up harmlessly to the outfield. Others, however, insist Kaline has become too concerned with avoiding strikeouts and has cut down on his power in order to "protect" the plate. The statistics seem to bear this out. Kaline's strikeout rate is half what it was last year, but as a result he is getting far fewer bases on balls and, naturally, very few long run-scoring hits.

Harvey Kuenn's trouble is different, say the diagnosticians. They hold that Harvey was deluded by the 12 home runs he hit last year, the first time in his career he reached double figures in homers. Of course, this was only four homers more than his previous one-season high of eight, but it sounded like a good deal more and got Harvey to thinking that he could hit even more home runs if he swung just a bit harder. Result: he no longer meets the ball with that clean, flat, vicious swing that sent fine drives crackling to all fields. Now, as the pitcher throws, Kuenn takes a little extra hitch to get more power; in doing so he throws his timing off and fails to meet the ball cleanly.

Whatever the reasons, the fact remains: the Tigers aren't hitting. They aren't scoring runs. They aren't winning. And Detroit isn't at all happy about it.

What's the remedy? Since time immemorial baseball owners have taken

the easy way out in times of duress and have fired the manager. Why the manager? Because he is publicized as the leader of the team. If the team fails, it must be the manager's fault. Any fan can tell you that.

Last week in Detroit, for instance, there were two taxicab drivers. Each declared he was a dedicated Tiger fan. The Tuesday cab driver said the Tigers' troubles were Manager Jack Tighe's fault: "He's too soft on the players. They have it too easy. He ought to stir them up." The Wednesday cab driver also blamed Jack Tighe: "He's



GENERAL MANAGER John McHale, at 35 youngest in majors, faces bright future.

always bawling those guys out. How can they play ball? There's discussion on the club."

Ridiculous as each unsupported opinion may sound, it sometimes reaches the ears and affects the judgment of club owners. Arnold Johnson, the businessman who owns the Kansas City Athletics, fired Lou Boudreau because he felt Boudreau's personality was a prime reason for the precipitous decline in Kansas City attendance. Ignoring the possibility that the decline in attendance in Kansas City might be a normal reaction to a miserable eighth-place ball club (and apparently deciding not to explore the reasons why it was a miserable eighth-place ball club), Johnson called Boudreau from Kansas City.

Such tactics are not lost on managers. Kerby Farrell, the winnowed, somewhat eccentric manager of the Cleveland Indians—who has been having troubles of his own this year—brought his Indians into Detroit last week just after Boudreau and Pittsburgh's Bobby Bragan had been fired. Both Boudreau and Bragan had been succeeded by their third base coaches.

Now, Farrell's third base coach is Edlie Stasky, and Tighe's is Billy Hitchcock. During batting practice Farrell sidled over to Tighe and in a conspiratorial whisper said: "Hey, did you hear about Boudreau? Did you hear about Bragan? Keep an eye on that Hitchcock. I'm watching Stasky every minute." Then, grinning at his own joke, he scuttled away.

Laughing, Tighe returned to the Tiger dugout, where he passed along Farrell's note to the assembled baseball writers. Then, with much disappointment, Tighe reproached one for a story in which he had said that the Detroit manager could not help but be aware of the fate of Bragan and Boudreau.

"Don't go putting ideas in their heads," Tighe said, grinning. "John Fetzer reads that stuff of yours."

Fetzer, of course, is chairman of the board of the Detroit club. Publicly, Fetzer and his associates say that the operation of the team is strictly the responsibility of General Manager John McHale, who succeeded former owner Walter O. Spivey-Briggs in that post this past April after Briggs was asked to resign. Actually, McHale and Fetzer both know that the feelings of all 11 men on the board of directors (which consists of the nine owners and two nonstockholding members) will prevail. If they panic—and it's easy for baseball men to panic—Tighe will be out of a job. If they are patient, realizing that Tighe is as new in his job as manager as they are in their job as clubowners or John McHale is in his job as general manager, the future may be bright after all.

For this is a new organization that should mature slowly, learning and improving as it goes. The team may be maturing the same way. It is a young team and certainly not as bad as it has appeared. Cutting critics blame this year's failure on a succession of factors beyond the hitting: lack of aggressive team spirit, lack of speed, underdeveloped power base, strategy, paucity of relief pitching, turmoil in the front office resulting from last year's ouster of the club and this year's overhauling of front-office operations.

But while it is obvious that improvement in all these things is desirable and would certainly help to counteract the club's present difficulties, the fact remains that the mass hitting slump is the basic reason for Detroit's troubles. And hitting slumps have to end.

The cure for Detroit's troubles? Patience, fortitude, and the old Dodge recipe: "Wait till next year." **END**

CHAMP MEETS VEEP

continued from page 15

Youth Unlimited will sell is a BB gun. This toy is founded on the concept of impossibility. It will be named after a man who not only does the impossible, but teaches his art to others. That man is Lucky McDaniel.

Lucky was born in the hills of Georgia and shot him a quail when he was only 5. It was the first shot he ever fired. He has been shooting birds, like all normal Georgians, ever since. A natural snipe shooter with a shotgun, he applied the loose and delinquent principles of this kind of shooting to the rifle and pistol. When using the rifle he does not sight, hold his breath and squeeze the trigger. Using the pistol, he shoots from the hip. Sometimes he shoots the rifle from the hip. You don't have to aim a rifle or a pistol to hit your target, Lucky says. You just look at the target and thoughtlessly pull the trigger. Lucky can knock a dime out of the air with one shot from a .22 rifle.

This is not altogether wonderful. Some other professional shots can do it. What is truly wonderful is that Lucky can teach anyone, even a small child, even women and even you, to do the same thing in less than an hour. He charges \$25 for such a lesson, recommends two lessons so that the teaching will stick. He also teaches police departments the quick draw and accurate hip shot, with such success that the Mobile, Ala. police have forbidden him to teach this phase of marksmanship to any but police-approved civilians.

In 99 minutes, having a slow student, he taught me to draw a .32 revolver and knock a pine cone down a red-clay Georgia road with six shots and never a miss, shooting from the hip. I fired as fast as I could pull the trigger and sometimes was impatient for the pine cone to land so that I could hit it again.

With a .22 rifle I smashed small clay pigeons he tossed in the air. With a BB gun, a prototype of the one to be manufactured by Youth Unlimited, I knocked a dime-sized piece of cigarette foil out of the center of a small washer he tossed up. With a piece of wire he fashioned a small circle, the size of a half dollar, checked it skyward and instead of shooting through it or around it I hit the wire with a BB pellet. He showed me a beetle crawling along the road—a very small beetle, about the size of my little fingernail—and said, "Hit it!" I raised the BB gun

to my shoulder, checked it and, following instructions, did not aim. I merely took a good look at the beetle and pulled the trigger. The pellet kicked up some red dust just in front of the beetle's nose. The beetle stopped in surprise. "You missed," Lucky said. "When it moves again, you hit it." It moved again, crawling forward on the assumption that I was not ready with my practically infallible BB. I smashed a pellet square into its liver.

It wasn't anything much. Lucky hits ants that way.

You get the idea now. Rademacher has done the impossible. Lucky McDaniel can teach anyone to do the impossible. Youth Unlimited, which has grabbed quick hold of Rademacher and McDaniel, is founded on the conviction that the impossible is possible.

This inspirational notion brings us around to the fight. Is it possible for Rademacher to beat Patterson?

No.

PROS AND CONS

Rademacher is a big man with a big punch. When Zora Polley was an amateur, Rademacher defeated him. Polley, a boxer in the classic style, is now ranked No. 2, just behind Eddie Machen, in the National Boxing Association list of heavyweight contenders. Rademacher's amateur record of some 79 fights and 72 wins is most impressive, and not the least impressive fact about some of the fights is that he has been knocked down on occasion and has risen from the canvas to win. He is a champion and has the heart of a champion. He will have a considerable weight advantage over Patterson. The professional champion weighed 184 pounds for the second Hurricane Jackson fight a few weeks ago but Rademacher in training has been staying close to 210. Rademacher is tall (6 feet one), broad of shoulders and magnificently muscled. He has a short, strong neck, an indication of sorts that he can take a punch to the head. He keeps his chin tucked into his left shoulder, which will make it difficult for Patterson to get a clear shot at his jaw. His waist is thick and hard, which implies ability to take body punishment. He can hit hard with either hand.

But Rademacher in training, unless he was under wraps, has looked much too slow to handle Patterson,

continued

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PANAMA

AMERICAN
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1900-1901
THE WORLD

CHAMP MEETS VEEP

continued

who has the hand speed of a middleweight. Rademacher's combinations are few and slow, his jab seems weak and his footwork is plodding and uncertain. Against the fast and competent Clarence Hissman, his principal sparring partner, Rademacher has made amateurish mistakes which Hissman deliberately did not respond to. He is easily jabbed and does not seem to know how to slip the punch.

Trainer George Chermers, assisted by Gannon and Sergeant Regie Blair, Rademacher's Army trainer, seems to have taken Rademacher's limitations into account in preparing him for the

fight. He knows an amateur, accustomed to three-round bouts and two-minute rounds, has trouble posing himself in professional ranks. Holding the clock on Rademacher, he has had him boxing 4½-minute rounds in hope that this will keep him from tiring when he goes on the professional standard. Rademacher has been boxing as many as five of these prolonged rounds and running four to eight miles a day.

Still, it does not seem that it will be enough. It is simply not conceivable that a heavyweight champion of Patterson's ability, or any heavyweight champion for that matter, can be taken by an amateur. Patterson improves with every fight. At 22 he is clearly years away from his peak but

he has already begun to look as if he might be one of the alltime greats. A Rademacher victory would make him look like an alltime bum. Patterson is a proud young fellow. No one is going to make him look like a bum.

But whether Rademacher wins or not is hardly the point of this fight. The point is that, even in losing, he will have achieved the impossible in making the fight at all. He will have done what no man ever did before; he will have made history.

Cas D'Amato thinks of it this way, too.

"People may forget someday that I was Floyd Patterson's manager," he says. "But they'll never forget that I was connected with this fight." ■■■

An open letter to PETE RADEMACHER

Dear Pete:

Now that you have signed up to fight Floyd Patterson, the present heavyweight champion, I will pass along a few words of advice, since you have the same problem I once had at your age. I had won the amateur heavyweight championship of the U.S. and the British Empire. I had also won the light-heavyweight championship in Antwerp, Belgium, in 1926. As the

heavyweight champion of three universities: Yale, Harvard and Oxford, I had repeated visits from big-time managers who told me that I could make a million dollars fighting and, perhaps, win the world's title. I made my decision not to accept their fabulous offers. Now, in the Indian summer of life, I still have a question in my mind—could I have been champion of the world?

You must have had a constant battle with your conscience about remaining an amateur. Since you, and only you, made the decision, I feel that you are making the correct one. You are through with college, having a Bachelor of Science degree. You have finished your military service, and now you want to get a financial stake with which to start the future. You have a wife and a child, and it would be a fine thing to collect some capital with which to start on a worthwhile career.

It is true that many boxing experts state you have no chance, that you are going against a much more experienced boxer and one who has come up the hard way. Patterson has come up the hard way through many contests—not only as an amateur, but as a professional. At 22 he is a worthy champion, a good boxer and a heavy puncher. I greatly respect him inside and outside the ring since seeing him win the middleweight championship at the Olympic

Games in Helsinki, Finland in 1952. I think Floyd has many things to learn about the art of self-defense and aggressiveness in boxing, and with you he must be cautious.

Never will I forget the dramatic way in which you demolished the Russian heavyweight champion at the Olympic Games in Melbourne. The Russian had a string of more than 260 victories to his credit behind the Iron Curtain, but you knocked him out. You were the complete master of the contest from the first blow. You showed the self-confident spirit necessary to become the best amateur heavyweight champion. You demonstrated the magic of believing in yourself, a magic so necessary in winning life's battles.

There is a saying that "a good big man can beat a good little man." This is only true if all other things are equal—experience, age and punching power. What you need more than anything right now is a lot of boxing experience. As you neither drink nor smoke and lead a systematic life you are in excellent physical shape. But, the thing that will help you most, will be your spirit. Remember, Patterson has the spirit of a champion also. In gall they say, "Keep your eye on the ball." In fighting they say, "Keep your chin in." Combine these two—keep your eyes fixed and keep your chin close to your left shoulder.

I know that there are several writers who have suggested that this bout is dangerous for you to indulge in. I do not agree with them. It is true that all physical contact sports have an element of danger. We have to take chances in order to lead a strenuous life and get the most out of it.

The proverbial thousand-to-one upset might come about on August 22 in Seattle, Wash., with its native son as champion. Gene Tunney did it against Jack Dempsey in Philadelphia in 1926 and repeated it in Chicago in 1927. Almost all the writers said that Gene did not have a chance, but their alibi the next day corrected their misjudgment. I trust my faith in you will require no alibi come August 22.

Good luck, Pete, and keep your thoughts right and high!

Sincerely yours,

EDWARD P. F. EVANS



EVANS AS 1926 TITLE CHAMPION



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SENIORATHENS Sandra and Candy Shoen, of Salt Lake City, back relax in the grass of the riverbank at the North Fork Club.

TEEN-OGERS Below: Johnny Adams of Salt Lake City, Calif., and Mike Gibson and Jon Jaklin of Salt Lake City head out to fish.





DRIFTING DOWN THE STILLER WATERS OF THE NORTH FORK, TWO MEMBERS OF THE COFFEE POT LODGE AND FISH HATCHERY CLUB.

AWAY FROM IT ALL

Photographed by Joann Gerdtz

IN eastern Idaho, where the north fork of the Snake River winds through pine woods and high meadows, a busy homesteader, Henry Stampf, became something of a legend in the 1880s. Of all the world had to offer, Stampf loved most hunting, fishing and seclusion. When fishermen ventured onto his secluded tract, legend has it, Stampf would roar out into the river flailing a cat-a-nine-tails. After a decade of defending his wilderness, Stampf came to feel that there were rainbow trout and whitefish enough to share with some real sportsmen. In the next 85 years, three clubs—one of them acquiring Stampf's old property—sprang up on the North Fork. The river wriggling past these three clubs is open to any man, but the clubs are still dedicated to seclusion and, in ways far gentler than those

of old Henry Stampf, resist the inroads of civilization.

One of these clubs, the Flat Rock, was at first limited to men only. Ladies are now welcome, but fishing is limited to wading with dry fly. Boats are out, and a television set is considered an abomination. The Coffee Pot Lodge, west of Flat Rock, is primarily a family camp, but limited to 10 families. The third club, North Fork, abounds in kids and grandkids, tolerates boating and water skiing, but is still essentially dedicated to seclusion. The snarls of civilization are creeping up on the North Fork wilderness but, now in his 51st year on the river, North Fork President Gilbert Sheets of Salt Lake City can still happily claim, "Up here, you can still read a book without a television set blaring at you. Up here, you can still live—and I do mean live."



VETERANS of a dozen of fishing the North Fork gather from left around Major General Irving Jones of San Francisco, Alexander King of Beverly Hills, Calif. and Isaac A. Lane of Clayton, Mo., set out from Flat Rock Club to try dry fly.

CHILDREN Yvett Gibbons and Bonnie Lee Pittman of Salt Lake City (above) interrupt a day's work fooling at the North Fork Club on food and inside-lake repairs while caretaker found and had to evict from the club's clubhouse.



DOMINION DELUGE

At the new Virginia Raceway's rain-splashed, windy opener, a big red Maserati poured it on the D Jags

IF YOU HAVEN'T come across a man who thinks big lately, consider Edward B. Kennen, proprietor of the new Virginia International Raceway. Kennen is a rich, round and relaxed man of 33 who clips coupons at home in Greensboro, N.C., when he isn't altering the countryside around Danville, Va. So far he has put a sporty 3.2-mile road course through the greenery of a horse-shoe bend in the Dan River, a dozen miles east of Danville.

Contemplating his domain the other day, while a flock of cars buzzed around the course on the occasion of its first national Sports Car Club of America race meeting, Kennen pointed to a strategic hill.

"See that house up there?" he asked. "That house is 200 years old. I'm going to have that house fixed up as a clubhouse and I'm going to get 100 club members at \$1,000 a year."

Inasmuch as Kennen expects to have three big races a year from now on, that works out to \$333 and odd change per race per club member. A trifle inflationary? Well, for all we know, Ed Kennen might have Scarlett O'Hara pouring juleps for the customers if he put his mind to it.

Most of the pouring on race day had to do with plain old palestinian water. First, the 10,000 spectators baked in 100° heat. Then strong winds beat across the course, causing the evacuation and near collapse of refreshment tents, and finally a cloudburst deluged the general scene. In the worst of the wind and rain a stoichiometric band of small-car drivers muddled through resolutely to the end of their race, which was won by the Alfa Romeo Veloce of Pittsburgh's consistent Ed Hugan.

The rain eased and finally stopped during the next event, a 45-mile dash for Classes F and G modified cars, but not before two of the nation's outstanding Porsche drivers engaged in an electrifying duel on the rainwashed as-

phalt surface. Both Charlie Wallace of Chevy Chase, Md. and Bob Holbert of Warrington, Pa. drove the latest RS Spyders. The lead changed hands frequently on the opening laps. On the fifth lap Wallace, pressing too hard, spun out and reentered the race in third place. Holbert, who demonstrated his ability to drive very fast while



BOB HOLBERT, THE PORSCHE DRIVING SENSATION OF THE YEAR, RIMS ONE IN THE WET

staying well within himself, went on to take the checkered flag, while Wallace regained second place.

A slender, blue-eyed, self-taught driver who moved up to the Porsche this year after four years of successful but relatively obscure competition in MGs, Holbert operates a Porsche-Volkswagen agency at Warrington, Pa. in workaday hours.

In view of the adverse weather, the day's racing was remarkably fruitful. Dick Thompson's Corvette was never threatened in a 45-mile race for the larger production cars. Lieutenant Colonel Robert Kuhs (SI, July 15), squeezed his A.C. Bristol ahead early in the Class E 45-miler for production cars and kept it there.

The pattern for the 20-lap feature race was set in a seven-lap preliminary for the hottest cars. Texas' Carroll Shelby showed up with his old,

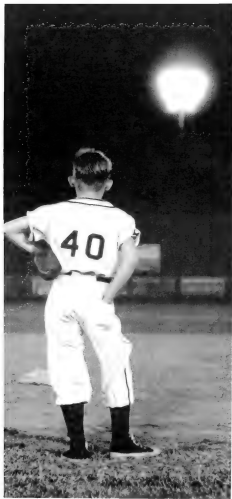
striped overalls and a new 4.5-liter Maserati—the eight-cylinder 400-hp model with which Juan Fangio and Jean Behra dominated the 12-hour Sebring race in March. When it rained trouble-free in the hands of a superior driver the 4.5 is an awesome piece of machinery. Shelby had tuned up with a victory in a regional SCCA meeting at Lime Rock, Conn. Now, in the short race, he zipped away smartly from a starting position on the second row and passed the two front-row 3.8-liter D Jaguars entered by Briggs Cunningham within a few yards. Walt Hansen gamely pursued Shelby in the leading D Jag, and Charlie Wallace gamely chased Hansen in the other, but the Team won comfortably.

Again, in the feature race, Shelby charged past the D Jags from the second row as if whipped from a catapult. The real race was between Hansen and his teammate, Wallace. Hansen is a half-fur-leather driver who likes to keep his foot down, and so is Wallace.

but Hansen has had more experience in the Jags, and Wallace on this day was not always on the pavement. When Wallace finally misjudged on a corner he fell far behind Hansen, but by that time he was so far ahead of the rest of the field that he kept third place. Out in front Shelby drove as impeccable a race, turning each lap within a second or two of his time for the last. The big red Maserati was 15 seconds ahead of Hansen's Jaguar at the flag, having averaged 78.2 mph.

An effort at thinking big, down there on the course that Kennen built, failed to turn up any reasonable alternative to this conclusion: hating bad racing luck or mechanical failure, nobody is going to beat Shelby on home soil during the rest of this season. He is the best driver, and he has the fastest car.

—KENNETH RUDEN



BEGINNING

THE

PART I The origins, development and current activities of Little League, with a view of the grass roots by James T. Farrell

FEW ATHLETIC UNDERTAKINGS IN history have been viewed with more pride than Little League baseball. And few have flourished as prodigiously. Right now, on the eve of the 11th Little League World Series (which is itself one of the most controversial elements of the situation), the movement has completed a decade of amazing growth. Ten years ago there were approximately 1,000 Little Leagues. In the season just past, almost 300,000 boys were in uniform in regular leagues, another half million were on "farm" teams and uncounted thousands played for teams unaffiliated with but patterned after the Little League. Anticipating a slump, the league has started a non-profit foundation and a drive for \$2 million to provide, among other things, a permanent headquarters, an adult training program and a source of income against its annual operating deficit. For an organization which has been accused, by one professional educator, of fostering "a silly yet thoroughly dangerous form of madness," the Little League is doing very well indeed.

That the parents whose youngsters

An authoritative appraisal of a sports phenomenon which has stirred angry arguments among educators, physicians and recreation officials as well as legions of parents—the burning issue of

LITTLE LEAGUE

by KENNETH RUDEEN

play Little League baseball consider it neither silly, dangerous nor mad is implicit in their participation. This has not, however, prevented an epic war of words over the league's merits. Arguments for and against will be considered in detail next week but, in brief and in sum, critics of Little League feel that organized baseball puts too much competitive pressure on children 8 to 12, that it takes up too much of their play time, that coaches and umpires are poorly trained if trained at all, that the program is overcommercialized, that it is for the few rather than the many, that it excludes other worthwhile games, that its attendant newspaper publicity and tournament trips swell young heads, that it involves excessive risk of injury to immature bones and joints and that many parents reward and punish their sons unreasonably for performances on the playing field.

Friends of Little League, who in the main seem to regard it as a gift from on high, emphasize, first of all, that it enables boys to play baseball—the national game—under adult supervision and with good, safe equipment. They contend further that a taste of boyhood competition, far from being harmful, is good training for later life, that commercial sponsorship within limits is not undesirable (after all, it helps pay the bills), that a good local program will exclude no eligible boy who wants to play, that it is better to have supervised tournaments than run the risk of uncontrolled postseason games, that it is pretty nice to use Johnny's name in the papers, that the game's

potential physical dangers are exaggerated, that baseball teaches team play and respect for authority, that Little League is a bulwark against juvenile delinquency and that the close parent-son relationship promoted by Little League is of incalculable value.

The league's program, logically enough, is not given a blanket endorsement by all of its admirers nor a blanket indictment by all of its critics. Some of its most earnest advocates have strong reservations about tournament games in general and the World Series in particular. National officials, who have shown remarkable aptitude for selling with the punches and finding converts among the dissidents, are approaching next week's three-day Series with characteristic caution. Part of the antisournament bloc already has been appeased by the ruling that local leagues may abstain from postseason games. When the champions of the nation's four regions meet in the Series at Williamsport, Pa.—birthplace and national headquarters of the league—they will be shielded from the maddening crowd, except when actually playing baseball, behind the ivy of Lycerium College. There they will be examined, weighed, measured and given a number of scientific tests, the results of which will go into the league's already bulging research files. The number of Series finalists has been reduced this year from eight teams to four, and since 1968 only all-stars from the most mature age groups—the 11- and 12-year-olds—have been permitted to play. Having made the Series as palatable as possible for the don't-like-its,



OPEN-MOUTHED JOE SEES A NEW UNIFORM

the league undoubtedly will stand firm. The official line from Williamsport is that the tournament playoffs are necessary to shut out wildcat playoffs, but it is transparently clear that the Series' national publicity value is enormous. The big-name sportswriters and radio-television broadcasters who report the Series are mostly favorable and frequently rhapsodic in their coverage. There is no reason to believe the league will pinch off that golden vein unless it is convinced the tournaments are genuinely harmful to the boys involved. As of now, top officials feel that no evidence of this has been offered.

The essential business of Little League, to be sure, is not producing kid heroes in a junior World Series—that is a byproduct—but providing organized baseball for youngsters. Its success has been so remarkable that a

continued

THE LITTLE LEAGUE

continued

Boston barber, once a minor league player, was asked to say, "You know what's killin' the minor leagues? It's not television—it's the damn Little Leagues." His point was that the average citizen with a choice between watching a minor league game and his son's Little League game would, naturally, go out to see his flesh and blood. Like many brain waves, the barber's is not necessarily buttressed by fact (one of the most enthusiastic boosters of Little League and, in fact, a former vice-president is Tommy Richardson, president of the Eastern League), but it underscores the league's startling pulling power. In 1947, when the U.S. Rubber Company became its sponsor and financial angel, the league had 66 teams, most of them in Pennsylvania. A year later team strength had vaulted to 376. There were more than 1,000 teams in 1959, more than 10,000 in 1963 and nearly 17,000 last year. Today there are 19,599 teams, situated in 47 of the 48 states and 22 countries abroad, including Saudi Arabia. Most of the foreign-based teams involve American citizens at military installations, but a few are all-native. The league expects to have an all-English one of four teams next year, which will give cricket traditionalists something to brood upon.

Popular in small towns

At home the heaviest concentrations of Little Leaguers are in the Northeast, the Southwest and on the West Coast. Small and medium-sized towns without municipal recreation facilities are the most popular breeding grounds. The basic unit of operation is the local league, which normally is composed of four teams but may have as many as five or six teams. Each league, with certain exceptions, is limited to a population area of 15,000. A league must be franchised anew each year by national headquarters, which receives an annual fee of \$25 from four-team leagues, \$30 from five-team leagues and \$35 from six-team leagues (these payments are the only source of regular income for national operating expenses, and in the past U.S. Rubber has covered an annual deficit of approximately \$186,099). Local leagues are responsible for outfitting their teams, acquiring a playing field with certain regulation dimensions and enlisting managers and umpires. Conventional baseball uniforms and caps are required equipment, and a protective helmet must be worn at



IN JAMES E. FARRELL'S STORY: LINDSEY CORNELL, A DREAM CATCHER, BRINGS HOME

the plate and on the base paths. In its basic measurements the diamond is two-thirds major league size—99 feet between bases rather than 90 feet, 14 feet from pitching rubber to home plate rather than 60 feet 6 inches. In practice it may be a school or playground diamond or an elaborate, specially designed Little League field, depending upon the means and aspirations of the adult volunteers. Leaders of the Colorado, Calif. league, by the way, have the batting average of their youngsters computed every Monday morning on the Navy's mighty electronic calculators at San Diego. Local leaders are advised to find a paying sponsor for each team to defray major expenses. In return the sponsor—a civic group, business or service club, for example—may have its name on the player's uniforms but ideally, according to Williamsport, no coze in team or league policy. Not unnaturally, national officials do not like to hear players described as "baby-sandwich boards," which has happened, and urge extreme caution in selecting suitable sponsors. The locals are asked to accept one fixed sum each year from a sponsor and no more. Additional funds are raised by passing the hat at league games.

More provocative than the subject of sponsorship is the matter of player selection. Williamsport has handed down a detailed guide anticipating virtually every pitfall in virtually every

situation and particularly player selection. For well does it know how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a child who failed to make the team. Each league is urged to invite every eligible boy within its boundaries to a spring tryout, after which the regular, uniformed teams are selected by the various managers in secret auction. In new leagues every manager starts with 36,000 "credits," with which he bids against his rivals to choose a team. When their credits are exhausted the managers fill out their rosters by naming additional players, in rotation, one by one.

At the beginning of each subsequent season, a manager receives 10,000 new credits, and bidding to replace graduated players commences. Earnestly explicit in its recommendations, Williamsport warns under Section X ("Brothers") that "brothers becoming candidates at the same time shall be auctioned under the family name to avoid separation." Teams may have no fewer than 12 nor more than 15 players. Under past rules this meant five 10-year-olds, five 11-year-olds and five 12-year-olds on a 15-player team. The 5-5-5 pattern gave way this year to a 4-5-6 grouping—a move designed to give a break to boys who were passed over earlier because of the temporary awkwardness that frequently accompanies the onset of puberty. Where he formerly chose just five 10-year-olds to

replace his graduating 19-year-olds at the start of a season, the manager now picks one 12 and one 11 plus four 10s. Every team is required to play 18 games during the summer, exclusive of tournament playoffs, and interleague games are prohibited. Night games are frowned upon by headquarters but are more convenient for working adults than day games and, consequently, are frequently held. For safety's sake, games are six rather than nine innings long, and pitchers—in the most strenuous position—are permitted to work only one complete game or any combination of 18 outs during a Sunday-Saturday week. Metal cleats may not be worn, but rubber cleats are O.K. The rubber cleat, incidentally, was of surpassing importance in the development of Little League, as we shall presently see.

Since the uniformed teams rarely can accommodate all the candidates in a league's territory, the device of a "minor," or "farm," league has become popular to take care of the overflow. Boys too young or inept to win a pair of flannels draw T shirts and caps and play baseball under similar rules.

Even such modest items as team shirts and caps were exceptional in neighborhood games before Little League, and this is the first and greatest key to its appeal. James T. Farrell, who well remembers the chaos of sandlot days and the never-fulfilled longings for good equipment of his youth in the Stude Lonigan country, gives eloquent testimony to this elsewhere on these pages, and to the marvels of organization and community spirit achieved by Chicago's Roseland Little League. "A prairie was turned into a real ball field," Farrell observed, "and the kids played in uniforms like small imitations of the big leaguers."

A seed sprouts in Williamsport

From such earthy beginnings did the seed of Little League sprout in the first place. A Williamsport lumber company employee named Carl Stutz started it all. Saddened that his nephews could not find a team to play for and reminded of his own boyhood baseball frustrations, Stutz sold a few local businessmen on the idea of backing junior baseball. Stutz's first team—three of them—performed in a Williamsport city park in 1936. The Little League made modest gains during the war years, and in 1946 Stutz directed 12 local leagues, all of them in Pennsylvania, most of them in Williamsport.

continued

MEMO:

To: H.H.S. Phillips, Publisher, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

From: S.H. ARNOLT, President, S.H. ARNOLT, INC.

Dear Harry:

For quite some time I've been reading in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED your memos from the publisher to us readers, and on the occasion of your third birthday, I thought it fitting to write you one for a change.

As much as I like SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and substantial as your present accomplishments have been, I feel it's only fair to give you a little friendly warning. . . . In a very few years when youngsters like my teenagers, Michael and Stan, grow up, you'd better be prepared for one whale of an expansion program. Whether you realize it or not, a whole generation of teenagers has taken SPORTS ILLUSTRATED into its hearts . . . and out of father's den. (My solution is to get another copy at the office).

But like all your readers, I have a few quarrels with you . . . mostly in the area of "never enough." In my case it's never enough on motor sports and Tennessee Walking Horses, but I can readily believe that the "never enough" letters you get cover everything from archery to yachting. (Do any sports start with "x"?) Seriously, all the Arnolts get something out of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, and at least part of that something is shareable with the rest of the family. Multiplied a few hundred thousand times, this is no mean accomplishment.

Sincerely,

S. H. A.

P. S. I almost forgot to mention that S. H. Arnolt, Inc., gets something out of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED too. Since we started advertising Arnolt-Bristol, Austin, Austin-Healey, Bristol, M.G., Morris, and Renault imported cars in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, our business has quadrupled and we've been forced to add two new locations in Chicago.



S. H. ARNOLT, INC. CHICAGO SALES SALONS
159 East Ohio Street • 5340 North Broadway
PARTS & SERVICE CENTER, 3120 North Lincoln Avenue

THE LITTLE LEAGUE

Continued

The need for a safe shoe cleat fitted aptly with Stotz's memory of U.S. Rubber as a firm which had built a boy's softball diamond in Williamsport in his childhood. Stotz wanted a rubber-cleated shoe; when he went to U.S. Rubber he not only got his shoe, but also a big, willing and solvent sponsor for a national Little League program. The occasionally heated altercation that U.S. Rubber is shamefully exploiting youngsters for financial profit appears to be nothing more than sour grapes. Assuredly, the company has sold shoes to Little Leaguers, but it has not monopolized an official shoe, as it might have, and has spent \$1 million over the years to maintain the World Series and help pay the bills at Williamsport. The principal yield to U.S. Rubber has been good will.

In the old, informal days, when he was president of Little League, Stotz wore the mantle of founder with pride and rounded up converts with joyous



IN HAPPY DAYS, founder Carl Stotz (center) confers with former Board Chairman Paul Kerr of baseball's Hall of Fame and President Peter McGovern.

zeal. When his baby became Little League Baseball, Inc., in 1950 a U.S. Rubber advertising man named Charles Durbas took over the presidency; Stotz stayed on as national commissioner. In 1962 Peter J. McGovern went from U.S. Rubber's public relations department to the league

presidency. Then, abruptly, in 1955 Stotz had the sheriff padlock the door of Little League's suite on Williamsport's West Fourth Street and filed a \$360,000 breach of contract suit against the organization which he had conceived.

In his suit Stotz charged that an

JAMES T. FARRELL'S ROSELAND

Out in Roseland, on the southeast side of Chicago, I sat in the kitchen of Matthew Dillon, fitter and burner at the big nearby General Motors plant. "We never had anything like Little League when we were kids," said Joe Le Rose, dark-haired and thin, a local coal and oil merchant. There was agreement on this.

While we talked in the kitchen, I recalled my own boyhood on the streets and in the parks of Chicago. In my day it was often an accomplishment to get up a regular baseball game. Most of our games were scrub ones. We suffered from a lack of equipment and there were not always nine gloves to go around. When strange kids were in the game, you had to keep a hawk-eye on your glove and on everything else you owned. We played on regulation diamonds for men, and the throwing and running distances were too great for us and, because of this, our games became less interesting.

And there were other problems. It wasn't always easy to get together two teams of nine players each. Umpires were hard to find, and sometimes we had to umpire our own games. When this happened, there was more jawing and squabbling than playing. Some kid would always turn out to be a

dynamiter, more interested in disrupting the game than in playing in it. Something always went wrong, and many of our games were frustrating.

And I remembered how I used to dream of playing in a league modeled after the big leagues. I imagined such a league. I envisioned myself and other boys playing in uniform in an enclosed park. I wanted records and averages kept. In brief, I dreamed of a Little League in my own boyhood. There was none, but I should have welcomed one just as eagerly as boys now do. And my dream was not peculiar. It is common to boys who love to play baseball.

The dream has come true for the kids of Roseland, a big sprawling area of factories, stretches of prairie land, and new and old streets. The population of Roseland includes many white-collar workers, teachers, merchants and businessmen. It swarms with kids. They love baseball, and they inherit and gain an interest in it and a passion for it from their elders.

The Little League was a natural for Roseland. The idea of organizing a league originated in the local Lions Club. A committee was named. The coal merchant, Joe Le Rose, quickly became the leading and driving figure on it. The Little League was contacted,

and then work began in earnest. Tryouts were announced. Money was raised. The White Sox baseball club made a contribution. Local merchants also contributed. Hundreds of kids reported for the first tryouts. Sites for a ball field were looked at, and one was finally found and rented at 115th Street and Halsted. The field was cleared by the volunteer labor of parents and interested adults. A prairie was turned into a neat ball field, properly surveyed and neatly laid out. Materials for the field were either donated or else procured at cost. Committees of parents, neighbors and community people from all walks of life were formed, and a solid corps of hard-working men was recruited. All members of the league—there are \$1 a year—were indexed and classified according to occupation and skill. In this way, carpenters and other skilled persons were found. The field—a model Little League ball park—was constructed with this voluntary labor. Roseland men, at the end of a day in factory, store and office, did another day's labor at the field. Concrete was mixed for dugouts. Stands went up. The entire field was fenced in. Foul-line poles were placed in left and right field, and a flagpole was donated by the American Legion. A refreshment booth was also constructed. Those who did this work take great pride in their achievement. No one earned a penny for it. It

amendment to Little League bylaws, effected on October 11, 1951, undercuts his "right to make rules and regulations of play and to authorize regional directors to grant franchises and rule on the eligibility of those leagues." The Little League countered: "The developments which have taken place to which Stutz objects were necessary and furthered the original concept, while the policies and restriction of the development sought by Mr. Stutz are, in fact, detrimental to the program."

McGovern immediately relieved Stutz as commissioner and obtained a temporary restraining order preventing Stutz from establishing a rival organization, whose name was to be Original Little League. A settlement between Little League and Stutz, the terms of which were not disclosed, was reached before the date of a hearing on the league's petition for a permanent injunction. The league said no financial consideration was involved.

There was no reconciliation. Stutz now works for Williamsport's Lundy

continued

was done for the kids and community.

Monthly meetings were held, and each expenditure, each plan of activity, was considered and approved. The women were recruited into an auxiliary, and wives and mothers also went to work. Childless people, a man and wife who had tragically lost a son of their own, unmarried women, pitched in alongside parents who were seeking to achieve a dream, not only for their kids but also for themselves.

The first season, 1952, was a success. Five to six hundred people went to see many of the games. No admission was charged, but the hat was passed at each game. The kids played in uniforms like small imitations of the big leagues: umpires recruited from the neighborhood wore blue uniforms and gave the games an added professional appearance. People who had been strangers to one another became friends. Working men and businessmen sat together at meetings and took notes to prepare the field for play before each game.

To many, friendship, a sense of neighborhood and of community, grew out of this enterprise. The kids love it. Organized play for these boys is good in itself. If the community is interested in this play, the value of this play thereby increases. The kids have a definite need for some direction in their play, and they have an even deeper need to feel that they belong to the community.

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THE LITTLE LEAGUE

continued

Lumber Company, has a hand in an independent league of four teams and views Little League officials as "interlopers who recline behind nicely stated parables."

Today, in the reasonably secure offices in the Squashanna Trust Company building on West Fourth Street, McGovern heads a full-time staff of eight. His chief aides are Dr. Creighton Hale, assistant to the president and director of the league's research program; Secretary Albert Houghton, former president of the now defunct Canadian-American professional league; John M. Lindemann, national commissioner and head of the rules committee, a contemporary of Stota's in the league's Williamsport beginnings; and Robert Skirrat, a former Long Island newspaperman who serves as public relations director. Mickey McConnell, former chief scout for the Brooklyn Dodgers, now director of youth activities for U.S. Rubber, weighs in with clinics for the small fry. McGovern is chairman of the 15-man board of directors which includes Eastern League's Tommy Richardson, a college president, a university dean, a weekly newspaper editor, businessmen, grass roots league representatives, the Hearst columnist Bob Considine and the celebrated accordionist, Lawrence Welk.

Keeping the feet spread

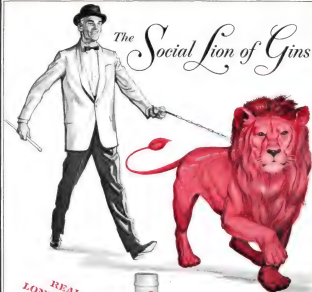
"We don't know how big Little League baseball will be," said McGovern at its first congress in 1956, "but we do know that its growth is a challenge to all of us. . . . We must try to get our feet spread so that we may be in a position to cope with [its] continued expansion."

That the people at Williamsport have had their feet spread to be in a position to field brickbats as well will be seen next week. **KRM**

NEXT WEEK

The case against Little League and the case for it, including a sampling of opinion over the nation—and, finally, a judgment

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Dear Lobsterfricarian:

A lady eat in St. Louis on Monday ordered one of our Maine clam-bakes to eat before friends of hers from New England. Had old audience. "Our guests declared them the finest lobsters ever," she wrote in "Wonderful for me—so easy to do."



What she's pointing up is Saltwater Farm's handy "bake you can enjoy right at home, indoors or out. Live Maine Lobster—1½ lb. size for tender, meaty eating—served in the traditional clam-bake covered — with freshly dug summer clams too, if you will—all in-togather and all Ready-to-Cook in our disposable lobster steamer. Quite a dig.

All you do is remove the steamer from the food barrel in which it arrives, punch a hole or two in the lid, add a quart of salted water — and let it steam 15 minutes after the steam starts, the seafood's all ready to serve. Complete directions do with every Saltwater Bake. A wonderfully simple recipe for a great party at any time of year.



Maine's other treasure, the delicious sea of Maine's cold waters, we have the cooking steamer combined in more than 100 lbs. of crushed natural ice. Shipped immediately by fast Railway Express on a careful schedule that lets you select the arrival date you wish. The bakes are served all the way for added protection. Within 1000 rail miles of the village, Live Delivery is Guaranteed.



Live to be at Saltwater Farm, wouldn't it be in its ninth year of making thousands of homes and businesses happy — and giving them time to enjoy their own parties along with the authentic Maine flavor.

No need for us to buzz on it because thousands have sent us in to tell us so; their repeat orders please us as much. We think you'll discover a satisfying experience that will delight your friends. Choose here from these four typical clam-bakes, send request collect.



At \$14.95: 12 live lobsters and 12 fresh Summer Clams, about 1000 CR 23: Two lobsters.

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Extra Special: Indian Pudding, traditional (maine) dessert, included in no extra charge, and ready to heat and serve.

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HAUTE CUISINE IN THE GALLEY

A gallery of dishes for sea-hearty appetites practical for the smallest of boat kitchens

by RUTH BRINDZE

THE ancient mariner responsible for the lugubrious terminology of boat kitchens must have hated cooking. Why otherwise would he have chosen the name of an infamous type of ship, rowed by straining slaves chained at the long oars?

True, the galley of a little pleasure boat is not the easiest place in which to operate. The stove probably has only two burners and nothing else; no oven and no broiler. The nautical chef is limited to top-stove cooking. Furthermore, if the stove burns liquid fuel, as most do, the cook must keep an eye on the fuel supply; sweating doesn't help a steak that is half cooked when the tank runs dry.

Even so, in the smallest of galleys any chef of modest ambition can produce food in the tradition of the *haute cuisine*. The problem is to find your bearings, and to learn a few tricks of the sea cook's trade.

For instance, never fill a pot to capacity. Half full is the best rule even when the boat is anchored in a quiet

harbor; you never can tell when some passing craft will kick up waves that will cause the pot to slop over. It follows that if the aim is to satisfy a bunch of hearty eaters a lot of extra cooking utensils are needed.

Fussy dishes, however, should be scorned; leave those for the chef of the *Plaisir d'Éternité*. Wagon wheels trouble when perfection is more easily attained with plain scrambled or fried eggs and ham? Freshly caught fish sautéed in butter and sauced with a jiggar or two of white wine is as good as any restaurant's English sole *à la Bretonne*.

Blue water means hearty appetites, and portions in landlubbers' cookbooks should be multiplied accordingly. Many cookbooks figure that a pound of meat will serve four, but not on board a boat, where a half pound or more per person is the normal ration. All the following recipes (serving four) are based on ripened sea appetites so that, as oldtimers say, shipper and crew will "eat hearty and give the ship a good name."

ILLUSTRATION BY ANDREW MILLER



CHEESE SOUP Melt 2 tablespoons butter in soup pot, add one tablespoon minced onion and cook until yellow. Blend in 2 tablespoons flour, and when paste is smooth gradually add one quart milk. Heat to the boiling point; stir continuously to

prevent scorching and then add ½ pound Cheddar cheese cut into small pieces. When cheese is melted and soup slightly thickened, stir in one egg yolk blended with ½ cup cream, two or three drops of sherry (if soup is thick) and ladle it out.



CHICKEN STEW—*Quick American*

Heat $\frac{1}{2}$ cup olive oil in a stew pot, cut 4 pounds drying chicken into quarters and sauté until bird is a light tan. Next add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup minced onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup minced green peppers, 3 chopped canned tomatoes, celery ($\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped), garlic (one clove, minced) and black olives ($\frac{1}{2}$ cup, chopped). Simmer around in oil for about five minutes, add seasoning (one tablespoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, 2 bay leaves and 2 cups minced tomatoes). Cover pot and cook for approximately 45 minutes.



FISH STEW—*Italian style*

Heat $\frac{1}{2}$ cup olive oil in a stew pot and sauté one tablespoon minced onion, 2 finely chopped garlic cloves and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery until golden. Add 2 cups of canned Italian-type tomatoes, one cup of tomato paste, seasoning (pepper, marjoram, salt, 2 bay leaves and simmer about an hour. While sauce cooks, cut 2 pounds of cod into chunks, wash one-pound raw shrimp and 2 dozen small clams. Put in shrimp, 10 minutes; lay cod, five minutes later clams. When clam shells begin to open, add 2 boiled lobsters which have been cut into pieces.



TOMATO TOAST—*Stale bread*

better than fresh for this specialty. Fry 12 strips of bacon and when they are crisp remove from pan and pour off all but 3 tablespoons of bacon fat. Beat 2 eggs, blend them into one can condensed tomato soup, add salt and Worcestershire sauce, and dunk slices of bread into this mixture. Each slice should be allowed to soak up as much as it will hold without becoming soggy. Fry bread in the hot bacon fat and serve accompanied by the bacon.

continued

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Why Stubborn Men Make Good Bourbon

by
J. P. Von Winkle
President

Sitzel-Weller
(Old Fitzgerald)
Distillery

Covington, Kentucky
Established 1849



A shrew-cropper in our house usually got to wondering one time who was the bigger jackass, himself or his male.

The male ate half the crop. Yet the farmer, glowing his corn patch on two legs, covered every step the critter took, and figured he worked twice as hard per leg!

It's no secret that an old-time distiller goes to twice the trouble to make genuine Kentucky Sour Mash Bourbon.

We clean our grains not once, but again and again—then take considerable pains to grind them just right—not too coarse, not too fine.

We spend three full hours cooking our mash in open tubs without pressure or haste to get the full sweet flavor of Nature's wholesome grains.

We season our fermenters with a portion of the previous day's run, then let them ripen at "mash pace" for 72 to 96 hours.

Our pedigreed sweet yeast is freshly prepared each day—as a family recipe that might try the patience of Job.

We distill, then redistill, in our old-fashioned type still and doubler which are set to yield not the highest proof but the soundest bourbon.

Our new white oak aging barrels are extra heavy and deeply charred for the reason that this "flavor proofing" at the still makes Father Time work harder "per leg" to bottle-ripen our whiskey.

In fact, through my 62 years in this business, we've been downright wallah in sticking to the one old-fashioned sour mash method which first brought fame to Kentucky bourbon.

If you are one who believes there is no short cut to perfection, you may wish to join the inner circle of business executives who have discovered our Old Fitzgerald, and find it good business to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

Bonded 100 Proof Original Sour
Mash Kentucky Straight Bourbon

HAUTE CUISINE continued



WELSH RABBIT Cut 2 pounds sharp Cheddar cheese into small pieces or use a coarse grater to break it up. Break 2 eggs into a bowl, add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon dry mustard, one teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon black pepper, and beat lightly. Pour beer into a large frying pan to a depth of a quarter of an inch. When the beer begins

to boil, add the cheese, lower flame, and stir the melting cheese vigorously. As soon as the mixture is smooth, add pan of batter, then the eggs. Cook only long enough so that the eggs are blended into rabbit and serve immediately on toast. Overcooking makes a tough and stringy rabbit. The recipe can be substituted for beer food.



BEEF RAGOUT Measure 2 tablespoons olive oil and one tablespoon butter into stew pot. When hot, slip in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery, one minced garlic clove, and brown. Coat 2 pounds cubed stew meat with flour. Push vegetables to one side of pot and sear the meat in hot fat. Don't overcrowd the pot; each cube must come into contact with the bottom of the pot so that it will brown evenly. Mix in onions, celery, garlic and seasoning

($\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, one teaspoon salt), and pour in dry red wine. There should be about a half inch of wine in the bottom of the pot. Cover and simmer until meat is tender, approximately two hours. Inspect periodically to determine if more wine is needed; the gravy should be thick. Serve the ragout with boiled wide noodles, sautéed in butter. The proper drinking companion for the ragout is a full-bodied Burgundy.



TINNED FISH This is recommended when fresh provisions have been exhausted or when the cook wants to take life easy. Heat 2 cans condensed mushrooms soup (do not dilute) with 2 tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon curry powder, and add one

pound canned fish (tuna, salmon, lobster, etc.) which has been drained and flaked. Stir gently, and when mixture reaches full boil remove the pot from the flame and pour in one jigger of sherry. Sliced, hard-cooked eggs make a nutritious garnish.

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never changes!



TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM

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'AT' MAN ON THE MIDWAY

by WILLIAM LINDSAY GRESHAM

*Brought up in the shadow of Clarks Island, the author early became an expert on carnival life, about which he has written two distinguished novels, *Monter Midway* and *Nightmare Alley*.*

NOW, MISTER, you look like a man who can take care of himself, who can defend his wife or girl friend from insult or attack. Well, if you can stay in the ring for three minutes with my boy here, I'll hand you 25 crisp new one-dollar bills right out of my own pocket. . . .

The challenged youth, a husky farm boy, urged on by his friends and the

taunts of the "at" (for "at'letit") show talker at a small county fair, agreed to try three minutes with Gerilla O'Toole, the prize to be his if the Gorilla failed to pin him.

A grizzled, battered, coalflowered gladiator, his face seamed with tiny scars, his nose mashed flat, O'Toole looked anything but a prepossessing fighter. But once in the ring, O'Toole threw off some of his lethargy. After letting the youngster knock himself out, trying for one hold after another, the Gorilla left himself open for a flying mare. The boy clamped it on him, and O'Toole did a graceful flip and



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The carnival's 'wild' man, that is, a disarmingly simple type with larceny in his heart

landed in a bridge; then he twisted loose, took the lad down with a neat pivot on his backside and pinned him neatly with a beautifully executed half Nelson and crutch hold just before the bell.

O'Toole helped the boy to his feet, gave him a pat on the back and rein a cigar which he had placed for safe-keeping on one corner of the mat.

"What happens if you get some guy who can really wrestle?" I asked him.

"That ain't likely. I been wrestling for 40 years—which means I'm about 40 times as cagey as a young squirt. But there was a big lumberjack up in Canada early in the season—I was glad I had a piece of boiler-plate iron under the mat cover in one corner to bang his head against. But most of them are kids like you saw tonight—it's just horsing around. This is just a front for the real promotion.

"A real good promotion depends on the guy you get working the town end. This season we got a 'stick' that's a dandy—a big, corn-fed-looking lad. If you buzz around the late spots you'll 'make' him sure—he's the one will be beating the beers. Then, you got to have a wrestler that looks like a bear-up has-been. That's where I got an advantage. Why do you suppose I never had my nose-and-ears towed all these years? You got to look like a push-over, just like I do."

A "stick" is a confederate—the term is borrowed from gambling houses. And in a shuffleboard parlor not far from the fairgrounds I spotted him. Overheard conversation and a few tactful questions to the barmaid filled me in on him.

Two weeks before the opening of the carnival a young man, introducing himself as Charley Brannock, had come to town, ostensibly looking the ground over for a dress manufacturer. A good bowler, able to hold his beer and never making a pass at another fellow's girl.

continued



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Excellent cookery in authentic Spanish atmosphere

Stock Yard Inn

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MIDWAY 'AT' MAN

continued

he soon had a large group of friends. And he let it be known that he had been an amateur wrestler.

When I saw him on Wednesday night he was on the midway with a group of the local braves. The wrestling show talker (poked) one of the other huskies in the group and directed his pitch at him. Charley Brannock added encouragement but then the other locals began to urge Brannock to grab an easy \$25 by staging three minutes, unopposed.

Finally, Charley was persuaded.

Charley Brannock peeled off his shirt and stepped into the ring to the acclaim of his friends.

With O'Toole limping painfully, apparently from a bad knee, Brannock started in with a tackle take-down and then cut loose with such a display of trips, scissor, grapevines and half Nelsons that he had the old gladiator panting for breath. My watch showed

a quarter of a minute to go. Then Charley's foot slipped—he was wearing ordinary Oxfords—O'Toole dived on him and clumsily pinned his shoulders to the mat. The referee declared it a fall. Boos and catcalls.

Exposed to his friends, Brannock demanded another chance at the Gorilla, but the gladiator seemed to have different ideas. As the show's proprietor hesitated, O'Toole protested in a loud whisper, "Gee, boss, have a heart. Dis knee o' mine is killin' me. Gimme a break, boss. . . ."

The crowd became belligerent, backing the champion. Finally the showman yielded to pressure and in a choked whisper unbraided O'Toole for cowardice. Charley Brannock was scheduled for a return match the following night.

First on the card the next night was a battle royal. Then came the big match. I estimated that there were a hundred men in the "top" with a sprinkling of girls.

As Gorilla O'Toole made his way to the ring, he passed close to me, and his



"Don Pedro, at the moment of truth just about, 'I drink Rodrigo wine,' and this 2,000 pesetas is yours."



Have you heard about Cora?

There's a lot of talk about Cora these days, for those "in the know" are telling their friends that Cora is the name of a distinctly superior, imported vermouth. You ought to try Cora Imported Vermouth yourself. You will find that its superb taste and blendability are worth talking about. Imported by Seftlein & Co., New York.

IMPORTED CORA VERMOUTH



I think **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** is big for the best sports publication I have run across. There's nothing whole family all summer—look forward to every week. My only complaint is that I have to wait in line when it arrives.

R. H. "Stark" Sackled
Circulation Director
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How to start a conversation!

Get away from the humdrum...
serve those delicious island drinks with...

DAGGER
Jamaica Rum
8 years old

The original rum on the bottle.
W. F. Seftlein & Co., New York



leath carried a rich aroma of boom. The crowd didn't miss it. One wincing youth said to his buddy, "The old burn's loaded. I guess he had to have a few to get his nerve up. Charley'll ribber him."

If Brannock had demonstrated the technique of the expert amateur before, it was nothing to what he turned loose on the shambling Gorilla this time. Now and then O'Toole's knee buckled under him and he groaned. At last Brannock maneuvered him into a fancy double wristlock and arm scissors, O'Toole moaning and begging for mercy, prostrate on the mat. His left shoulder was down, and the amateur was slowly levering down the right shoulder when, *boom!* the bell sounded.

A PITIFUL SIGHT

The crowd howled. The impresario, in a froth of frustration, tried to wade on the \$25 prize, but the mob would have torn him to pieces and at last he paid it, glowing as they cheered. Then he ordered O'Toole to pick up his things and get off the midway. He was fed. The Gorilla pitifully begged for another chance, but not against Brannock. Then Brannock, his fighting blood up, agreed to waive the prize and pin O'Toole in a return match, offering to back his challenge with cold cash, stakes to be held by one of the townsmen known for his integrity.

Friday evening featured half-wrestlers—two babes in a hair-pulling match which they had casually rehearsed that morning.

Third-round Brannock and O'Toole met, the Gorilla, in desperation, resorted to elbow jabs, toe holds, twisting hammer locks. The referee cautioned him, but Brannock, bent on honest revenge, refused to claim a foul. Then O'Toole got Brannock's head and left arm in a punishing chancery hold, and both men struggled and strained as the suspense mounted to unbearable heights. At last Brannock, by superhuman effort, managed to pick up his adversary bodily and in a lightning turnabout slipped on a cradle hold which rendered the Gorilla powerless, his shoulders flat on the canvas.

The showman, apoplectic with rage at seeing the money he had wangled disappear into young Brannock's wallet, snarled, "Okay, wise guy. But I'll bet you haven't got the guts to meet the Gorilla *Texas-style!*"

Brannock trembled. "What do you mean—*Texas-style?*"

"I mean to hold him—kicking, punching, posing—anything goes."

—continued



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BONNIE PRUDDEN

6

This week we add a more difficult exercise: the knee-to-nose kick

We are still building on the four basic exercises we started the first week, so begin with them, add last week's (No. 5) and then this week's, the knee-to-nose kick. This exercise is for the seat, which if it is either flat or fat can be unattractive. To stretch the back, tighten and round the seat, add this exercise to your daily program, which by now should last for 15 minutes. Next week: the torso twist. **TIPS FOR LIVING:** When walking downstairs, tighten your seat on first flight, relax on second, tighten the abdominal muscles on third and so on.



Get on your hands and knees, dragging your head down. Then bring your right knee as close to your nose as possible. Don't hurry! your knee and nose will touch eventually. Just keep attempting to bring them together.



Now raise your head and at the same time stretch your right leg as far back and as high as you can. Repeat the knee-nose touching and leg raising eight times with the right leg, then do the same thing eight times with the left.

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TIP FROM THE TOP

from **HELEN DETTWEILER**

Thousand Oaks, Palm Springs, Calif.



Nine times out of 10 when a player finds his or her ball lying in a sand trap, the reaction is one of great trepidation. Women are particularly susceptible to this, and they approach the trap shot with such a mixture of hopelessness and fear that, on numerous occasions, they waste two or three heedless, headless strokes before they even calm down.

Actually, as has been said time and time again, the trap shot is about the easiest in golf, if you take it easy. Remember, you do not have to slug the ball with all your might to get it out of the trap. All it takes is a good, coordinated swing. Since the club enters the sand behind the ball and has to travel beneath the top of the sand, a full swing with a complete follow-through is necessary. This is what you should aim for, not a frenzied slash which, most likely, will only bury the club and the ball deep in the sand.

The big secret in playing from sand is to be lazy about it. Take the club back with a slight wrist break and raise the club a little more abruptly, and remember that the last thing you want to do is to get savage with the shot. The ball will come floating out of the trap much more successfully, be assured, if you put your mind to executing a swing that is un rushed and easy-flowing from its start to the finish of a complete follow-through.



incorrect: over-the-top



correct: lazy back

NEXT WEEK: HARRY ORTIZ ON BALANCE THROUGH FOOTWORK

HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: *It seems there are more fights in baseball than ever before. How was it in your day?*



EDDIE (DOC) FARRELL
Pittsburgh Pirates

We didn't have as many shenanigans as the field, but we had as many fights under the stands. We'd surround the fighters and let them go to a finish. Pitchers often "dissed" the batters. It was amusing to see Prof Fitzsimmons and Doll League start each other up.



JOE SMAGALLO
Pittsburgh Pirates

We had face-ups, but I don't recall any love-fests like that between the Dodgers and Cincinnati. Sure, when you're surrounded down by a close pluck you get up with a chip on your shoulder. But we knew that a ball gets away from a pitcher more in a while but, in most cases, it's unintentional.



RUSS VAN ATTA
Pittsburgh Pirates

Management OKs us, and then we have hard feelings afterward. The next day, the next day, the next day. At Washington, The Players' union says and says "You fans get into it. I won that game 6-0, but no more wasn't mentioned in the newspaper. They just covered the fight.



DUSTY COOKE
Pittsburgh Pirates

We had as many, if not more. As late as 1953, when I reached Philadelphia, Eddie Seaver was behind second waving a shirt while Andy Semashko was hitting. Andy made a wet hen, and hard into second and splashed Bill Rogers. Both teams rushed into the diamond and started socking.



RUMP HADLEY
Pittsburgh Pirates

In 1925 and 1926, when the American League was founded, we had our shenanigans, but we didn't have nearly as many as the National League is having this year. In 1927, close plucks were considered a part of the game, to set up a batter for the next pitch.



HOME RUN BAKER
Pittsburgh Pirates

No, nearly as many. Cupples like Turner? Usually were more strict in our day. We had bean balls, plenty of them, but we didn't fight because we knew we'd be suspended and lose. Arnold Cooper, Mark, and some to us: "You're as good to the club sitting on the bench."



BIZZY DEAN
Pittsburgh Pirates

Don't you remember the old St. Louis Gateway Gang? Bizzy had more ring-fights in those days. A couple would start pushing each other and the ring-fight would start. But Old Bizzy was no fool. I was one of those ring-fighters. I was paid to pitch, not to take a sock in the mouth.



LEFTY GOMEZ
Pittsburgh Pirates

I had scraps, although not as many as I've mentioned this season. I don't know what's causing all the fights and arguments. It could be the close race in the National League. We were just an amateur about close pitches as they are today, but we didn't fight or throw a bat at the pitcher.



AL SCHACHT
Pittsburgh Pirates

In my day, I heard players challenge each other every game, but they didn't fight. Just loud talk. The only fight I ever saw was between Ty Cobb and Eugene Hill, from after the game. We weren't paid enough to sock each other and fill the stands the next day.



RED BUFFING
Pittsburgh Pirates

I'll never forget the big fight between the Yankees and Red Sox. It started when Powell spiked Joe Quinn. Every one got into it except Jimmy Foss and me. I asked Jimmy why he wasn't fighting and he replied: "That \$100 fine will buy a lot of ice cream for me and me."

来源:中国医药报, 2011年10月25日第3版。

HOTBOX: LOVE IN A COLD CLIMATE

Sir:

So the consensus of opinion on your question of whether Los Angeles would support a major league team (HOTBOX, SE, Aug. 5) is that a winner would be supported, a loser would not. Well, bully for Los Angeles!

In order to achieve the honor of including the great metropolis of Los Angeles among the major league baseball cities, let us change the rules to permit moving the pennant-winning ball club of the previous season to Los Angeles, so that the favored citizens of the new smog center of America won't have to peer through the smoky atmosphere at a second-division ball club for even a single season.

As a supporter of a second-division team for nearly 10 years I am burned up by the Los Angeles front-runner attitude.

MARTIN TOWNSEND

Pittsburgh

HOTBOX: "SAVEAT EMPLOY"

Sir:

I think that it behooves Mr. O'Malley to lend an attentive ear to the *real* people of the Los Angeles area and be warned that he is not walking into a land of milk and honey and sweetness and light but will have more than his share of trials and tribulations.

PHILIP KELLOGG

Brooklyn

IT AIN'T FUNNY

Sir:

In the August 5th issue we came across a cartoon of a judge telling a law violator that if he is brought before the court once more he will be sentenced to three days in Griffith Stadium. Now I might be taking the joke the wrong way, but I am a fan of the Washington ball club and, if the cartoon was supposed to be a quiet insult to the Senators, I don't think it was called for at all.

If the joke had been printed at the beginning of the season, when Washington was in the middle of a losing streak, I might have laughed at it. But right now, when the team seems to be finding itself and playing very good ball, I think the man who wrote the joke ought to be fired. With Roy Snavely at his peak, Jim Lerner going strong and with Ed Yost back in the lineup slugging again, you can bet we're up all to Griffith Stadium for the rest of the year.

HAROLD TOWNSEND

Washington, D.C.

THE REAL RICHARDS

Sir:

Congratulations to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and Len Woodcock for the fine article on Paul Richards and his Baltimore Orioles. (The Matchup, SE, July 29). The public of Baltimore could use someone like Mr. Woodcock to show them what kind of a man Richards really is. I, for one, am tired of reading the trash that has been coming out in the Baltimore papers regarding him.

Quite a bit of the dirt which has been spread about Mr. Richards has turned some of his sweetest fans against him. Year after year I send many people back on his hard wagon.

I'm sure that in Paul Richards we have one of the best managers in baseball. However, we feel even better when we are backed by such sports authorities as you.

RONALD GOLDBERG

Baltimore



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PAT ON THE BACK



TY COBB, the Georgia Peach, parlayed a tempestuous career in baseball into considerable wealth. During his 24 years and 3,033 games of slashing, spikes-high play in the big leagues he made little effort to win any popularity polls, but he was earning \$50,000 a year when he quit the game in 1928.

In the past few years the old dragon seems to have mellowed. The wealth which he fought for on the baseball diamond and multiplied through shrewd investments is now being used generously to help others. Five years ago, practicing the adage that charity begins at home, Ty built a 26-bed hospital in the town of his birth, Rayston, Ga., in memory of his parents (his father

was a schoolteacher). And four years ago the man with the lifetime batting average of .367 set up a foundation with a million dollars to help needy youngsters finish college. The requirements for receiving a grant from the Cobb Foundation, besides scholastic rating, are that the student be a native of Georgia and that he hold no other scholarship. The recipient can choose his subject and attend any college in the U.S. To date about 75 youngsters have been helped, 23 of them last year. This fall about 16 more will receive aid.

Thus Tyrus Raymond Cobb, in his 71st year, returns to the scenes of his childhood. He has sold his home in California, settled his financial responsibilities, and will live out his life span in the Georgia countryside.



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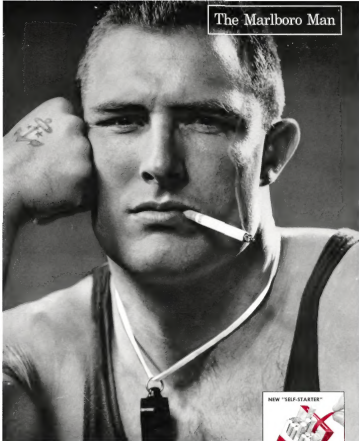
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